

# Silent Worker

A MAGAZINE FOR THE DEAF, BY THE DEAF AND ABOUT THE DEAF

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*Theodore Roosevelt Preaching Americanism*

## THE SILENT WORKER



MISS MARY WOLF  
College Point, L. I.



MRS. F. P. GIBSON  
Chicago, Ill.



MISS MARGARET FAULKNER  
New York City

Some Photographs  
of Well-Known Women  
in the Deaf World  
*from the*  
Studio of Alex. L. Pach



MISS CELIA TRAVERS  
Brooklyn, N. Y.



MISS MARY HOTCHKISS  
Daughter of Prof. and Mrs. J. B. Hotchkiss, of  
Washington, D. C.



MISS NETTIE MILLER  
New York City.



MRS. J. H. KENT  
New York City.

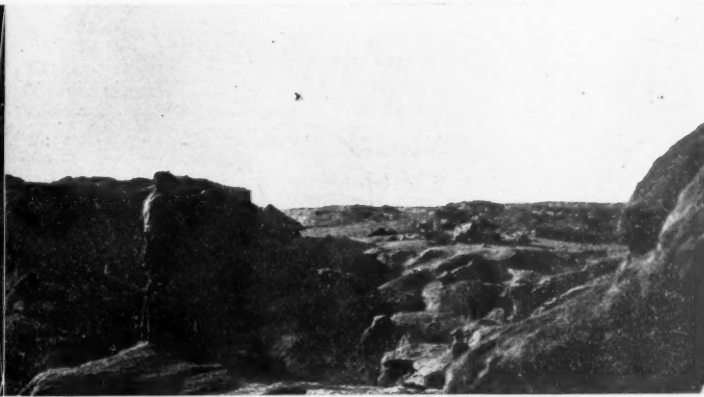


MISS GERTRUDE DOEGENES  
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.





An abandoned Cabin in the Rockies



The Trail to Pleasant Places

## THE MYSTIC SPELL OF THE MOUNTAINS

### *What Happened When "Cricket" Was Given Free Rein*

"Oh, the breezes that blow o'er the lonely trail,  
They bring familiar scents to me—  
The smell of a thousand prairie flowers;  
Oh, you may wander o'er foreign lands,  
And seek for adventure there,  
But give me the trail, the lonely, dusty, trail,  
The trail to I don't know where."

By "BOB WHITE"

**I**T was early Spring. Nature had thrown aside her more sombre garb of Winter for the brighter hues of Spring. As far as one could see, to the east of my cabin, the prairies were covered with a bright carpet of blue, of yellow and of purple. While the anemone and the columbine held their own with the variegated colors of the purple sage, still, the tiny, yellow flowers of the buffalo grass vied with them in their eagerness to add beauty to the scene. And here and there, the tall stalks of the soapweed cactus, with their wax-like flowers, blending from pink to white, seemed to be standing guard.

To the west, the mountains were fast assuming their Summer garb. Here and there eternal snows still held forth, while, clear up to their very edge, the mosses, the lichens and the grass and flowers were growing. Green and white were the predominating colors, while, here and there, a patch of pale blue, told me that, away up there, at timberline, the anemone and the columbine, vied with each other in their loveliness.

And the pine and the spruce and the balsam seemed to have taken on a fresher, brighter green.

It seemed as though but yesterday it was Winter: today it was Spring. But one must live in or near the mountains in order to know and understand them in their various moods.

Directly in front of my cabin flowers grew in profusion, and a short distance down the path leading to the spring, morning glories had entwined themselves around the trunk of a mighty pine. Wild bees were buzzing about, and in the scrub oak surrounding the cabin, the saucy blue-jay and magpie darted hither and thither in search of a place to build their home and raise their young. And over our door Jack Robin had already started housekeeping.

It was a scene one must see to fully appreciate. It cannot be described in cold type. It was a scene which makes one feel that, after all, life is worth while; that we should make the best of it while we can. For, do we not, like the flowers of the fields and of the mountains, live and bloom and wither and die?

And, down in the valley, a quarter of a mile from the cabin, "Midget" and "Cricket" were slowly meandering their way to the brook which trickled down from the mountains, forming a



"I was lonesome, too, that morning."

small stream as it ran through the flower-strewn valley. They seemed to have fallen into the lethargy which had overcome the writer; for, after quenching their thirst, they stood there, as it seemed, undecided as to their next move.

I was lonesome, too, that morning. Bert had left right after breakfast to go to town for needed supplies, and would not return until late in the evening. I had the whole day before me, as all our furs were cleaned and in fine condition for shipment. For the first time the mystic spell of our mountain home had lost its charm. I must go somewhere; explore the hidden passes of the mountains; discover valleys hitherto unknown to myself—go where the footsteps of men were few and far apart.

Yes, I am a hater of cities with their hot-house variety of entertainment. It does a man good to get out into the open far away from the din and confusion. As I stood there I could not help but think of the countless thousands who have never known, nor even imagined, in what a beautiful world we live.

❖ ❖ ❖  
"Go! Go!" Some mysterious voice kept repeating. And go I would, for as I glanced toward the valley again, I saw the ponies were coming to-

ward me. Were they coming for their customary lump of sugar, or had they heard the call that had stirred their master?

The sight of them coming so peacefully toward me was the inspiration of the trip I took that day, a day that will always remain a green spot in my memory.

After saddling "Cricket" I wrote a note to Bert, telling him I had left right after breakfast, but had no idea as to where I was going, or in what direction, adding he should not worry unless "Cricket" should happen to return with empty saddle.

As is customary in the West, I carried my side gun, not for the reason of being afraid, but from force of habit. However, it is safer, in my opinion, to kill a rattler, (which has, perchance, disputed your right of way,) with a gun than in any other manner. I knew it was the only excuse I had for carrying it among those peaceful mountains and valleys.

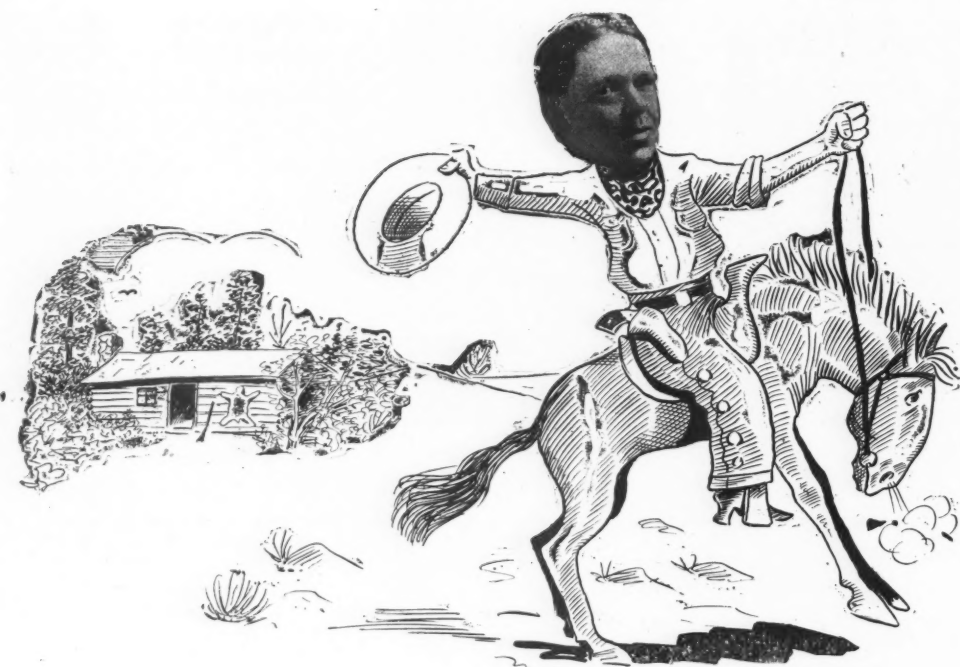
Strange, too, I left it to "Cricket" to choose the direction. A light touch from the spurs and she started directly south—into an almost impenetrable part of the mountains, seared and gashed and broken with dark, forbidding passes; crossed and recrossed by great canons, forming such a network that a person once lost among them would have very little chance of finding his way out unless he had a compass. This, Bert told me, was the roughest and least explored part of the country in our immediate neighborhood.

But what cared I? I was in quest of the unusual. There was nothing in the confines of those peaceful mountains that could harm me—besides, it was Spring. All the world was at peace, and it seemed to have spread throughout the whole land.

"Cricket" had free rein that day. The reins were thrown over the pommel of the saddle, and, although the experience was not new to her, she seemed to have entered into the spirit of the journey with the same enthusiasm as her rider. For the first few miles she kept to a narrow cattle trail where the passing of thousands of sharp hoofs had cut deep into the gravelly soil of the foothills. We finally entered a verdant basin-shaped valley, through the centre of which dashed a swift mountain stream. After we had quenched our thirst, "Cricket" seemed undecided which direction to take. I was thinking of crossing the stream, as far to the south, I saw the buildings of a ranch, and knowing there is always a welcome for the lone traveler at such places, besides, beginning to feel hungry, I thought a good dinner would be ready for me.

However, the idea was soon dispelled, for "Cric-

## THE SILENT WORKER



ket" started directly east, following the course of the stream. Miles and miles passed. I was Crowsy. I confess I was half asleep in the saddle, when she gave a sharp jump to one side, nearly unseating me. I knew on the instant that we had come too close to a rattlesnake, for nothing else would have caused her to jump so. We were in the midst of a prairie dog "town," and it is in just such a place where rattlesnakes are always found, for, (it is said,) the snakes and the dogs share the same home together. I soon discovered the cause of the trouble—a large rattler, curled, with head thrown back ready to strike at the least provocation. The spiteful crack of my gun ended the episode for the time being, but by the time we had passed through the "town," four more were killed.

On and on we went. I had paid no attention to the flight of time. I was of the opinion, however, we had travelled about fifteen miles. The country was new and strange to me and I just revelled in the joy of it all.

Finally we reached <sup>❖❖</sup> rougher traveling, and I was on the impulse of giving a restraining touch to the reins and turn back, as I noticed the sun was getting low in the west. It was at this juncture I noticed the unshod tracks of a single horse which had been traveling in the same direction we were going.

"Some cowpuncher looking for strays, I suppose or maybe it's the forest ranger on his rounds," I conjectured.

The tracks were fresh, and when we came to the place where they crossed the stream I noticed the water was still muddy, which showed the horse was not over a hundred yards ahead of me. And I knew, too, the horse and rider were aware of my presence, while I was not of theirs, on account of my deafness. We were in a place where I could pass within ten yards of a person without seeing him. "Cricket" knew we were near someone, and plainly showed it by her actions. I could not bear the suspense any longer, so shouted:

"Hello, old scout! Wherever you are, come out!"

He came forward, a good looking young man, but he was no cowboy, nor was he a forest ranger. He was unshaven and his clothes showed long and hard usage. Besides, he seemed to regard me with a certain amount of suspicion. This, I afterwards learned, was because I had my game warden badge pinned to my hunting vest.

Now, I knew this part of the country is not the land of the derelict, although there are plenty of "blighted hopes and lost identities." As he came closer I noticed he was anxious to get a better view of the badge. The fact is we were both alert

and armed and suspicious. Was he a hunted man—had he been engaged in cattle rustling which had been going on for quite some time in our neighborhood? Did he regard me as an officer of the law?

I spoke to him, saying I was stone deaf, but I was not at ease. Something was wrong. The free and open brotherhood of the West was lacking with him—his hand was too close to his Colt to suit me. The spell was broken, however, when I pulled out my "Bull Durham" and proceeded to roll a cigarette. In a few strides he was at my side, reaching for the tobacco like a drowning man clutching at a straw. I never saw tobacco and paper formed into a cigarette as quick as he did it. It was done with one hand quicker than I can do it with both.

By this time I was dismounted, and sitting there on the flower-strewn banks of the stream, I learned his story. Like many other people who live in the West, he had "gone bad back in the States."

"Say, I'm an unusually inquisitive cuss: my middle name is Questions. Where are you going—punching cattle on that ranch back there—looking for "strays, or what?"

"No. I don't live hereabouts. Just shift around from ranch to ranch, but don't stay long at one place, and at every place I go, I have a different

name. That's straight, boy. I like your looks, and have told you about all there is to tell, but as to the offense I committed, if we ever meet again, and I have cleared myself, I shall tell you."

❖❖

Self-confessed law-breaker that he was, I liked him, and it was with a pang of regret we parted—and with him went my last crumb of "Bull Durham" and all the makin's.

We mounted at the same time, and, as I sat there on "Cricket," watching him disappear down the valley, I wondered where the poor fellow was going: wondered if he had any brothers, any sisters, anyone "back in the states" who cared for him.

All the world seemed bright and new, and yet this poor outcast knew no home; no friends; no peace of mind. On, on, on, day in, day out—one continual journey—the trail to I don't know where.

❖❖

"Cricket" was anxious to reach home; she needed no urging. A steady gallop of an hour brought us in sight of the cabin just as the sun was disappearing behind Pike's Peak.

Bert was there and had supper ready. While we were eating I told him of the meeting with the stranger. He evidenced very little surprise, telling me that if I had lived in the West as long as he had, I would know a great many fellows just like the one I met that afternoon.

"Why, Bob, just look at the owner of the 'Broken Arrow' ranch! He controls fifteen thousand acres of land and has the biggest bunch of cattle in the state; used to be one of the worst 'rustlers' in the West—and that's the way he got his start. But nobody ever says much about it—everybody knows, and that's enough—it's the way of the West."

#### FIVE HUNDRED MUTES ATTEND "FRAT" OUTING

Hundred hundred Goodyear Mutes attended the picnic of the Allied Divisions of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf at Myers Lake, last Sunday. This included Chapters from Akron, Cleveland, Canton and Pittsburg.

From the four chapters there were eight hundred picnickers, 600 of them being from the Akron Division.

The baseball team representing the Akron Mutes defeated the team made up from the other divisions 10 to 4. Besides this, a varied program of athletic stunts and amusements, arranged so that every one might participate, was run off during the afternoon. —Wingfoot Clan.



A Typical Mountain Home



# The Deaf-Mutes' Union League of N. Y. C.

*Organized January 3, 1886. Incorporated May 29, 1901*

By ANTHONY CAPELLI



MARCUS L. KENNER  
First Vice-President



C. J. LE CLERCQ  
President



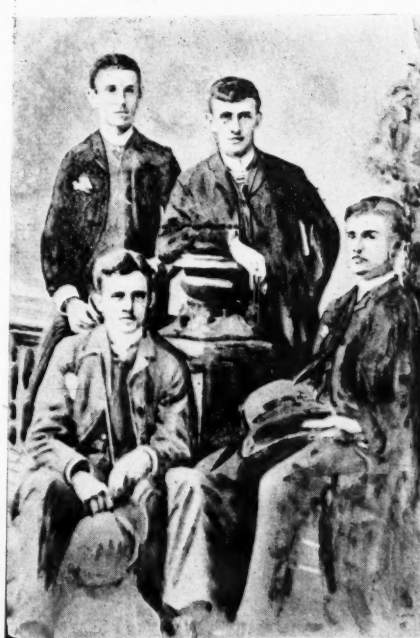
JOSEPH C. STURTZ  
Second Vice-President



HERE does not exist in any city of our beloved United States, or in the world for that matter, a local deaf-mute organization that has made as steady progress as has the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc., of New York City. Its progress has been slow, but in the right way, and to-day it can rightly claim the distinction of being a model deaf-mute organization that others may follow without fears of being set back by mistakes and other causes.

A brief history of the founding of the organization from the pen of one of its members in 1906, twenty years after it was organized, will probably interest many of the readers of your widely read magazine:

"Four young men, or more truly speaking, four mere youths, and they had been very chummy while at school, and all have been graduates of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, commonly called the Lexington Avenue School. They were Adolph Pfeiffer, Charles A. Bothner, Samuel Frankenheim and Joseph Yankauer. They met in the parlor in Mr. Frankenheim's house at 531 Lexington Avenue on Saturday, January 3, 1886, to discuss the advisability of starting a new society. When as boys, they often listened to the older deaf-mutes, who recounted many grievances and disputes that arose in the councils of the old-time organiza-



FOUNDER OF THE DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

Standing—Joseph Yankauer and Adolph Pfeiffer.  
Sitting—Samuel Frankenheim and Charles Bothner.

tions, caused by conflicting sympathies for their different *alma maters*. So they put their heads together and carefully went over the ground, and arrived upon a single idea—to limit membership to graduates and former pupils of the Lexington Avenue School only. A rough copy of the Constitution and By-Laws was drawn up and a week later, they met again, and Mr. Frankenheim was chosen as the president; Mr. Bothner, vice-president; Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer, secretary and Mr. Yankauer, treasurer.

"It might have looked ridiculous that every one of them was an officer, with no member to lord over, but every one of them wanted to be somebody and was very sanguine of obtaining new members shortly to furnish the body to the organization. The first thing they did was to pass a resolution, authorizing a draft upon the treasury, which came near being emptied of United States currency, for the purpose of immortalizing themselves on a photograph in a group. To be economical, they went to Mrs. C. A. N. Smith's tin-type gallery on Broadway and Thirteenth Street, which was famous in its day. A half-tone reproduction is shown else-

where. A week later found them rejoicing upon the acquisition of two new members, namely, Thomas F. Harrihill and George Brown.

"The meetings continued at Mr. Frankenheim's house, and to accommodate the newcomers, two kitchen chairs were purchased at fifty cents each, as the room on the top floor they occupied was vacant.

"The first motion that was ever passed required every member to learn how to dance showing still the boyish trend of their minds.

"While the young society was eager for members, yet there is a record of the first rejection of an application on February 17, 1887, and down to this day, a great many ones were refused admission, which action contributes not a little to the success and the solid standing of the society.

"In March, 1887, Simon Hirsch, Jr., Arthur C. Bachrach and Moses W. Loew joined the organization, and in time several more young men became members. Mr. David Bachrach, the father of Arthur, generously offered the use of the billiard room in his house at 1915 Madison Avenue, and his offer was at once accepted.

"At one of these meetings, some one moved that a picnic be tendered during the summer of 1887, but it was voted down, and the edict was religiously followed for twenty years, but there were frequent private outings, indulged by the members and their friends only.

"The Constitution and By-Laws were once more elaborated upon and perfected, committees were created, and the organization was named the DEAF-



GILBERT BRADDOCK  
Secretary



HENRY PETERS  
Treasurer

## THE SILENT WORKER



MARCUS H. MARKS  
Member Board of Governors

MUTES' UNION LEAGUE on April 17, 1887. The credit for the title belonged to Mr. Bothner. On this date also was the first resignation tendered by Mr. Brown, and it was accepted with almost heart-breaking sorrow, for it was feared, perhaps without reason, that his example would be followed by others and thus break up the League. This fear was groundless as subsequent events show.

"The Committee on Debates and Lectures was subsequently very active, requiring some of the most intelligent members to give readings or lectures and causing all the members to participate in debates. This was found to be a very invaluable feature of club life.

"Since its organization the Deaf-Mutes' Union League has held meetings regularly twice a month except once on March 15, 1888, when all New York was buried under tons of snows and ice in that memorable blizzard.

"In the fall of 1888, they resolved to give a ball, and hired Lyric Hall on Sixth Avenue, near 42d Street, for December 27th. They made great preparations and every member was required to wear a full dress suit or suffer the penalty of a fine of two dollars. They agreed to turn over one-half of the net proceeds of the affair to the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. There were only fourteen members at this time, yet the ball was a brilliant success, socially and financially. About two hundred dollars were raised, and one-half was given to the Gallaudet Home.

"It won a name for the League amongst deaf-mute circles all over the country, where, heretofore, it was utterly unknown. It at once challenged attention and admiration, everywhere, and it also invited a great deal of criticism on account of its narrow policy in limiting membership to those who obtained their education (on the oral system) at the Lexington Avenue School. The deaf-mute press throughout the country, with the exception of the Philadelphia *Silent World* under the succes-



JAMES B. GASS  
Member Board of Trustees

sive editorship of Messrs. Samuel G. Davidson and E. A. Gruver was hostile to the League, and to record the incidents of the warfare would take too much space.

"There were now twenty-five members, and it was found that the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. D. Bachrach should not be further imposed upon, for it was now more than two years, during which time the members never left their house without their thirst quenched by lemonade and other soft drinks and their appetites appeased by sandwiches.

"Dr. David Greene, the Principal of the Lexington Avenue School, then very kindly let them hold their meetings in the spacious boys' play room.

"The League formerly celebrated the third anniversary of its birth on January 3d, 1889, at a 'Banquet,' consisting solely of fried oysters and glasses of water at Lehman's on Third Avenue, near 65th Street, and was voted 'great.' This custom has been kept up ever since, but under more pretentious circumstances.

"As the International Congress of the Deaf was to be held in Paris, France, in July, 1885, and many delegates were chosen in all parts of the country, there was an agitation for one to represent the oral system as used in this country, and incidentally, the Lexington Avenue School, in which building was held an enthusiastic meeting, attended by about one hundred graduates and former pupils. Mr. Francis W. Nuboer was elected by acclamation and was also elected by the Deaf-Mutes' Union League to represent it at Paris. For the purpose of defraying his expenses, subscription blanks were printed and

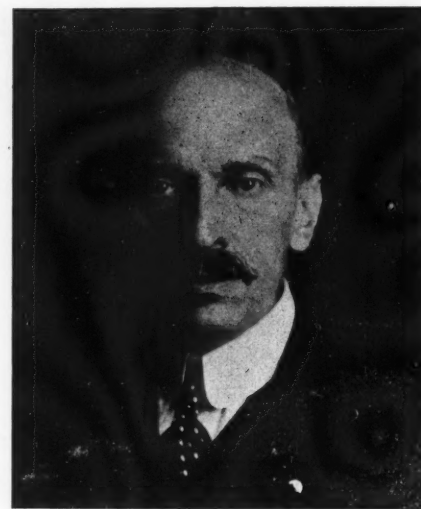


SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM  
Chairman Board of Trustees; Vice-Chairman Board of Governors

in a month or two, four hundred and twenty-five dollars were raised. The Deaf-Mutes' Union League contributed a large amount from its treasury, and sent a cablegram to the Convention in session, conveying greetings and good wishes. Upon Mr. Nuboer's return, the Deaf-Mutes' Union League tendered him a banquet at the famous Martinelli's on Fifth Avenue.

"The Deaf-Mutes' Union League was also numerously represented at the Convention of the National Association of the Deaf at Washington, D. C., in 1889. Then and there, the statue of Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the first school for the deaf at Hartford, Conn., under distressing conditions, was dedicated. It cost \$12,000, and the deaf of the United States, and the members of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League worked hard for that purpose."

Several years following, the Deaf-Mutes' Union League devoted most of its time to improving its intellectual cravings for lectures and debates, and soon began to achieve some renown as had other organizations before them; but the longing for a meeting place of their own decided them to select the spacious room of the Elks on Broadway and 27th Street, at a rental of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per year, meeting twice a month. In this room many noted men gave lectures, among whom may be mentioned Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, the Rector of St. Ann's Church, which he founded in 1854 and for which he raised nearly \$200,000. [Note—Dr. Gallaudet was also the founder of the Church Mission to the Deaf, and the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf which bears his name, at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., and for which he raised



EMIL BASCH  
Member Board of Governors

nearly \$200,000 before his death.] Mr. Dwight L. Elmendorf, formerly teacher and later travelling lecturer, also was among those who favored the League with a lecture once in a while.

"After a while, the Deaf-Mutes' Union League decided to secure quarters for their very own, and succeeded in securing quarters at the Central Opera House on 67th Street, near Third Avenue. They purchased a pool table and furniture, suitable for their present need.

"The first guest of honor of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League during November of 1895, was the Baron Ernest Griolet de Grier, a deaf-mute son of a mayor of a department of Paris, France. He was a man of commanding appearance, with white flowing beard and a very florid complexion, bearing his age lightly for he was seventy-seven years old. A collation was served in his honor in the cafe of the Central Opera House.

"The Central Opera House was closed on June 1, 1889, by order of its owner, Jacob Ruppert, to the chagrin of the League members, who were very much attached to the quarters in the big building.

"Since then, the League led practically a nomadic life, holding meetings here and there all over the city for a year until they rented an entire floor at 1777 Broadway, near 58th Street, at a rental of \$500 a year, and about three hundred dollars were expended in fitting up the rooms.

"At this time they discovered that their pool table was spirited away from the Central Opera House, Mr. Ruppert having permitted its storage in that building until permanent quarters were secured. A pool table of inferior make was foisted upon them and after lengthy confabs, and to avoid litigation, Mr. Ruppert agreed to put the table in good repair at heavy cost, and it was accepted with reluctance.

"Every member of the League was shocked when he learned that the benefactor, Mr. David Bachrach, died suddenly while on his travels, at Milwaukee during December, 1899, and a beautiful album con-



CHARLES C. McMANN  
Member Board of Trustees





MOSES W. LOEW  
Chairman Finance Committee

taining his photograph and a set of engrossed resolutions was presented to his widow and sons as a lasting testimonial to his worth and philanthropy. He volunteered to act as a banker for the Union League about ten years previous and took \$1,000 at 6 per cent per annum and a month or two after his death, the treasurer closed out his account with the firm of Goldschmidt, Bachrach & Co., taking sixteen hundred and some odd dollars, and deposited the amount with the Institution for Savings of Merchants' Clerks.

"About the time, many of the younger members, ambitious for athletic honors, which were not within the scope of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, seceded and helped organize what was known as the Lexington Athletic Club with quarters at Cafe Logeling on 57th Street and was in existence for about two years, during which time, its representatives captured about two trophies on field and cinder path. But they found it no easy task to carry on the organization, so it was finally disbanded and many of its leaders returned to the folds of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

"Probably the most brilliant affair in a long time was a banquet tendered by the Deaf-Mutes' Union League in honor of M. Ferdinand Hamar on June 4, 1902, at the Cafe Martin on Broadway and 26th Street. Mr. Hamar came over from France, bringing with him the statue of Gen. Rochambeau, which he sculptured and set up in Washington, D. C., before a very distinguished assemblage. He is a deaf-mute of great talent and high accomplishments. On this occasion, he was elected as a honorary member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League as was also Mr. Edwin Allan Hodgson, the Editor of the Deaf-Mutes Journal, who has done so much to give publicity to the numerous affairs and doings of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League since its inception.

"One of the greatest benefactors of mankind, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, was taken away from our midst during August, 1902, at the ripe age of eighty-three years, and the Deaf-Mutes' Union League was the



NATHAN DOBSAVAGE  
Member Finance Committee

only secular society that sent to his funeral at St. Matthew's Church on West 89th Street, a magnificent wreath. The members of the League often aided him in raising funds for his Church Mission and the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, which the good doctor founded



FELIX A. SIMONSON  
Chairman Thirty-fifth Anniversary Celebration to be held Jan. 3, 1921.

and worked hard unceasingly, but saw both established on firm foundation before his time came to bid these earthly shores good bye, and respond to the summons to a heavenly rest above.

The League had again to move to larger quarters as the membership was now growing all the time, and after looking around and noting the constantly growing city and the trend of uptown movement it decided to locate in Harlem, and accordingly it removed to the top floor of the Leslie Building at 143 West 125th Street, owned by the Horton-Lewis Estate. This location has proved the best so far. The club's roster increased like magic after the League removed its restriction of admitting only members of the Lexington Avenue School, and threw wide its doors to deaf-mutes of any school, creed, nationality (provided they were citizens of the United States), religion, etc.

The room they engaged soon became too small for their use, so they were obliged to rent an additional one, larger than the first leased.

It was here that they first were able to stage many successful functions that have given pleasure to its members and friends, and it has been here where its members get real recreation evenings after their work is done. Many call the League their second home.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League has steadily



LESTER J. HYAMS  
Member Finance Committee

progressed since its inception, as the narrative above shows, but its ambition to own its own home in the near future seems not far distant.

It is well managed, and its finances well looked after, and thus far has not met any set back worth mentioning, for the reason that all the members consider it their paramount duty to uphold the interests of the organization.

Its officers for 1919 are Charles J. LeClercq, President; Marcus L. Kenner, First Vice-President; Joseph Sturtz, Second Vice-President; Gilbert Haddock, Secretary; Henry Peters, Treasurer; Samuel Frankenheim, Emil Basch and Marcus Marks, Board of Governors. The Standing Committee, which is appointed by the president for the current year are: Board of Trustees (which have charge of the investment of the principal funds of the Society) are Samuel Frankenheim, James B. Gass and Charles C. McMann.

The Entertainment Committee are—Aaron A. Cohn, I. Koplowitz and Joseph Goldstein.

The Finance or Auditing Committee are—M. W. Loew, Nathan Dobsavage and Lester J. Hyams.

Meetings are held on the second and fourth Thursdays of the month. The annual meeting and installation of officers on the fourth Thursday in January; the nomination of officers on the fourth Thursday in October and the election of officers on the first Thursday in December.

During the war the Deaf-Mutes' Union League took the initiative in forming a War Saving Society in the city and later the Allied Societies



MENDAL BERMAN  
Chairman Athletic Committee



A. A. COHN  
Chairman Entertainment Committee

## THE SILENT WORKER



CHARLES SCHATZKIN  
Member Entertainment Committee



JOSEPH GOLDSTEIN  
Member Entertainment Committee



I. KOPLOWITZ  
Member Entertainment Committee

of the Deaf for the same purpose was organized. As in the case of the Allied Societies of the Deaf to help raise funds for the De l'Epee Statue, the League's rooms were put at the disposal of the War Saving Societies of the Deaf, and be it to its credit the League's share of the work was in both instances creditable, having distanced all the other organizations both in loyalty and spirit.

Another thing that I desire to record that reflects the credit of the League is what occurred soon after the United States entered the Great World War.

As is well known, the United States was not prepared when it finally decided to enter the conflict. But I am not going to bore your readers about the unpreparedness of this country at the time, and how it finally did get fit and went over the top, and won the distinction of finally winning the war, but to relate an important link that proved a great factor in the war—aviation.

Aviation training fields were established throughout the country, as your readers will recollect—and one of them was at Mineola, Long Island.

It is of this, I desire to mention, which has connection with the deaf in general and the Deaf-Mutes' Union League in particular.

It was Lieut-Colonel Lewis, the head of the Medical Research Laboratories at Mineola, who conceived the idea of trying deaf-mutes as aviators.

It all came about by Lieut-Colonel Lewis' visit to his friend, Dr. J. D. Wright, the head of the Wright School for the Deaf. Mr. Wright recommended Mr. Judson Radcliffe, a graduate of his school, and a prominent member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. In turn Mr. Radcliffe recommended Lieut-Colonel Lewis to the Deaf-Mutes' Union League and the club at once placed all its resources at the disposal of the medical officers. A whirlet chair was

brought to the rooms, and with several assistants special contests were conducted. At all these tests a large number of the members turned out, and all without exception offered their services; the result was the selection of Messrs. Mendal Berman, Henry W. Hester, Marcus H. Marks, Merritt Klopsch, Charles Schatzkin, William Krieger and Keith W. Morris. These young men accepted the invitation to go to Mineola to be experimented on. The examination continued for several Sundays and they were highly complimented for their courage and patriotism, for in so doing they risked their lives going up in the air blind-folded. This was done to test their sense of balance. A record of each trip was kept, but to the regret of the entire party who volunteered their service and many others who expected to volunteer, the tests proved unsuccessful. The following is the conclusion arrived at by Major Henry Horn of the Medical Research Laboratories of the Air Service Corps, U. S. Army.

1. To fly deaf-mutes, they must have balance.
2. Balance is due (a) eye (b) ear (c) muscle.

3. The deaf-mutes have no ears.
4. The deaf-mutes when blinded have only muscle sense.

5. They are unable to tell where they are in the air, therefore they could never make good flyers.

6. The reason for trying the deaf-mutes is this: To determine if a person who has bad ears should be accepted.

7. The trials of the deaf-mutes have proved it, and therefore the old standards will remain.

The conclusion, which excluded the deaf from playing a prominent part in the World War, however, disclosed the fact that deaf-mutes do not get dizzy at great heights, whereas hearing aviators always get dizzy in their first trials in the air. It is also gratifying to record that the doctors who conducted the tests warmly thanked the boys for their voluntary service, and declared that they did more for the war than some men of normal condition.

The last test was a sort of an exhibition and moving pictures were taken. On this occasion only one deaf-mute, Mr. Marcus H. Marks, was taken up. No doubt the War Department may see fit to release the film soon, then the deaf will be able to see what these experiments were like.

The present year promises to surpass the records of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League in holding entertainments in the club rooms. Thus far, Chairman A. A. Cohn states that nearly two hundred dollars has been netted from the first two entertainments given, and they still have four more to give before their time expires in January next.

Last but not least must be mentioned the Athletic Branch, tried once before, but which met a set back. This time the Branch seems to have come to stay, as it has already won favor. It was through young Mendal Berman that this Branch has



UNION LEAGUE BASKET BALL TEAM—CHAMPIONS OF GREATER NEW YORK, SEASON 1918-1919.  
Standing—Chas Schatzkin (com.), Henry Hester (sub.), Frank Nimmo (Manager), Chas. Golden (sub.), Mendal Berman (chairman).  
Sitting—M. Moster, Chas. Gordon, Frank Lux (capt.) Joseph Weisman, L. S. Berzon. Photo by A. L. Pach.



come to the fore. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Berman has infused zeal in the young members, and through him many youngsters have joined the ranks, and now the problem to house all, especially during meetings and socials, is hard to solve, and it looks as a sure bet that the new

club house of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, equipped with a gymnasium, billard and pool rooms, bowling and such as the make up a club-house should be, is not to be long delayed.

Though the Athletic Branch has only been in existence a little over a year, last season it

won the basketball championship of Greater New York, and also defeated the strong Silent Five of Philadelphia. As more young men have joined since then, it is very likely that it will be heard of again the coming year, with Mendal Berman conducting its affairs.

## WHO INSPIRES YOU?

By ALICE T. TERRY



THESE are trying times in which to live. Save for the terror of ever-rising prices on the very necessities of life, most of us might live in greater assurance and serenity, were it not for another thing—the ever-darkening state of affairs as pictured by the newspapers. And the papers do not lie. Once roundly scored for sensationalism and yellow journalism, the papers now could hardly fabricate anything to exceed these very astounding and tragical events that are taking place practically in all parts of the world today. With the signing of the armistice one year ago, a great sigh of relief escaped suffering, starving humanity. But few people dreamed that another dark, discouraging year, quite as bad as war itself, was to follow, a year crowded with sickness, agony, and strife,—Bolshevism, the flu, active pro-Germanism, strikes everywhere, in their wake spreading riots, murder and hunger; and disgraceful and unaccounted-for race riots. Perhaps these dark concurrences with their devitalizing influences may augur powerfully why so many intelligent people have not felt disposed to accept complacently the ultimate hope for mankind as expressed in The League of Nations.

As dark and hopeless as 1919 looked, on the whole it was by no means wholly lacking in promise of better days. The promise was faint, but to those who could see, it was inspiring. What was it? It was **real estate activity**, the most amazing that this country has ever known, perhaps. Compared with former times, the price of building of any kind is almost prohibitive now, and as the building activity has been shared equally by those unassociated with war money and profiting, I have wondered much at their courage to build and spend so lavishly, as it were, in the very face of apparent destruction. There could be no higher form of patriotism than this, and whether the activity is in the form of home building or industrial development it inspires us with the hope of safe, prosperous, and happy days again.

### Nature, The Great Inspirer.

I am writing this just after the first good rain of the season in the semi-tropical country where I live. And it seems especially fit to talk of inspiration today, although I have had the subject in mind for weeks, with a glorious sun bursting over a fresh, sweet, and verdant new earth; every blade, leaf, and flower is clothed with a new and brighter meaning; the first signs of another green carpet are showing on the heretofore brown hill-sides; even the houses look invitingly different with their roofs washed entirely clean of six months' accumulated dust.

At all times Nature should be man's greatest teacher and inspiration. And always I wonder that the deaf as a whole do not concentrate more upon this lofty subject; it would make up happily for so much that they miss on account of closed ears. Most every body has been helped by the familiar story of the industry of the bee, or the ant. Other lessons we can learn from the smallest, living, breathing, crawling, creeping things. Once I noticed a sleek vegetable bug busily scaling a tall blade of grass. As he neared the top, the slender blade bent dangerously low under his weight, soon to strike the ground, I

thought. "A foolish bug," I said, "to fall like that." But I was mistaken. For while he was still within two inches of the ground he stretched forth wings and flew away. Wings! I had no idea that he had any. Wasn't there a lesson in that? It reminded me that sometimes when a struggle is at its height, when the outlook is the darkest, something bright and unexpected dawns that leads to victory.

Taking nature as the great comforter, it seems strange that men can be treacherous and cruel, with murderous intent one toward the other. No doubt the Indians were superior to us in the spiritual good and enjoyment that they got out of nature. She guided and taught them to the extent that they were moderate and peace-loving, fighting only when pressed to do so for self-protection. Unlike the white man, the Indian never fought for the hope of gain; nor to force his religious ideals upon some one else; nor because he fancied that he was a superman, and accordingly must dominate all the rest.

You may meet adverse fortune, you may grow sick and discouraged when your well-meaning efforts have not brought the results



GALLAUDETITES AT JULY 4th PICNIC  
Standing, left to right: Messrs Price, Harris, Phelps, Runde, Terry, Guire.  
Sitting: Mesdames Terry, Runde, Rothert, Phelps, Miss Hitesman, Mercer.

you wished, you may lose your grip on friends, even you grow sick at heart over conflicting creeds, but in soothing, calling, constant nature you will never be disappointed, for always, so long as your soul is not dead she will comfort you. A deaf poet sings:—

"Dear constant Nature, thou hast been a friend  
With all a mother's loving heart to me,  
And through the ills with which my life doth blend  
Mine only solace is to thee!  
Impartial thou dost deal with high and low—  
Thy kindly smile beams on the lowliest one;  
We seek thee when our moments darker grow,  
And cheer and courage find when crowds extend us none."

### They Depend Upon Results

There are all kinds of teachers,—school teachers, ministers, authors, scientists, editors, doctors, lawyers, lecturers, reformers, business men, and others, whose ideals or advice, when uttered, spoken or written in all sincerity, works great good to their listeners. Who in turn inspires the teacher? People and circumstances no doubt combine to keep high his spirit, but he feels at his best simply when he gets **results**. You know how good you feel when you have accomplished well a piece of work—no matter whether it was a new and difficult thing to do or whether it was mere drudgery. You got results and feel rewarded

to the extent that you grapple the next new task with added zeal. If, however, you went about the first task impatiently and slovenly, indifferent of results, you did not in the end enjoy that sense of satisfaction, which may seem so little but is necessary to make life worth while.

The more the teacher studies and draws from Nature the better he can teach. Did not the men who wrote the Bible live very, very close to nature? Indeed, they did. The Great Book makes several references to the deaf and dumb, but never once hints that they, as deaf-mutes, should be taught to speak. Because such an **unnatural suggestion** never occurred to the inspired exponents of God's Word.

So it goes that the oral teacher is the less inspired teacher, for the very obvious reason that she does not get the results that the manual method teacher naturally enjoys, due to his superior, less complicated method.

### Often the Unfortunate Inspire.

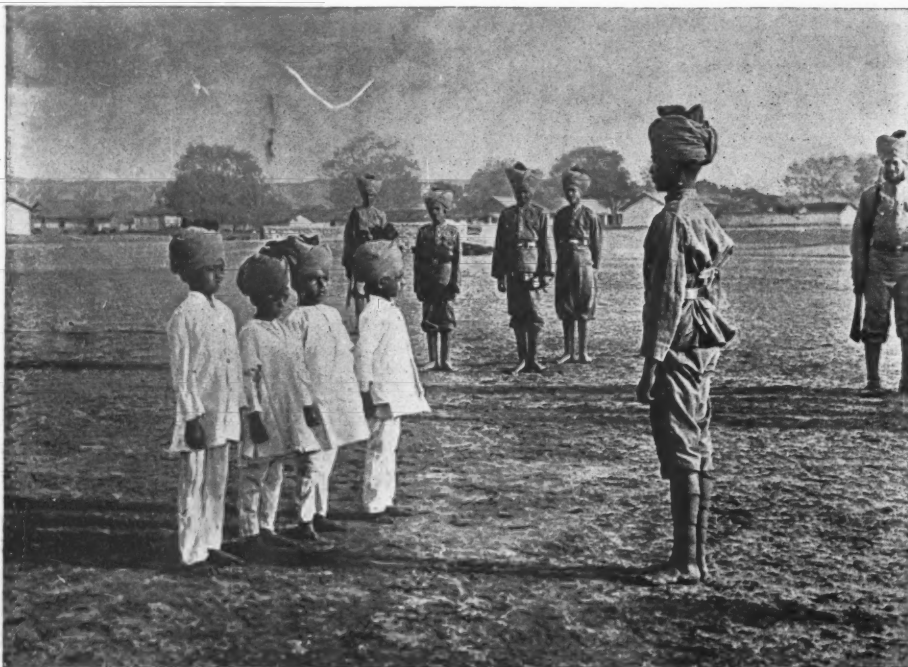
One would think hearing people easily inspired. They can listen to beautiful, melodious song, which, to them above all, is inspiring. Or they can listen to the varying shades and tones of the human voice, which is another factor in shaping their moral natures.

The other night I met for the first time a deaf, dumb, and blind person—Lottie Sullivan. She astonished me, not by her education, not by her deft, all-comprehending sense of touch, nor by her unhesitating step and sweet personality—but by her radiant cheerfulness. She was at our club, and that night we had an unusually long program, and she sat through it all looking not at all lonely and forsaken, but thoroughly alive and happy. What was it that she enjoyed? I am not sure if I know, but she interested me more than any one else that I have met in a long, long time. The impression I got from her is, I think, like that which hearing people often get when viewing the ability of the physically handicapped. It makes them wonder, and even ashamed of themselves, that blessed with all their senses they are yet, in many respects, so much poorer than the unfortunates whom they are wondering at.

When I was a little girl I used to go home from school in the summers and sing in church, or other places, the sign songs taught me at school, which while meaning little to me, deeply affected my audiences. Some of the girls afterwards told me that they went home and cried, for with all their advantage of hearing they yet felt that they were not doing with their lives as much as they should.

Just why God puts into deformed bodies cheery and capable souls must be largely for the purpose of inspiring others to be more content with themselves and to do better.

Just now the film version of "The Miracle Man" is having a protracted run in my city, and people are strong in their approval of the story. Some say that it is a Christian Science demonstration, where one is healed of disease simply by faith. I saw the play, and it puzzles me that The Miracle Man who is himself terribly handicapped—he is deaf, dumb and blind—should be able to inspire such healing



For Country and Empire Youthful Native Soldier at Drill. The Children in White Uniform are Deaf-Mutes. Copyright, Underwood and Underwood

faith into others. If he can so well cure others, why does not this same supreme faith also open his eyes, unstop his ears, and loosen his tongue? However, the film version of a story is rarely accurate, and only after reading the book myself can I hope for a clearer understanding of the story. In this photoplay the man who plays the role of Frog is Lon Chaney, the son of deaf-mute parents who are well known to me.

I once listened to a lecture—a mighty good lecture I thought—by a deaf man, who by a series of unfortunate circumstances had been reduced quite to the level of vagabond. Although highly educated, he was in addition to his poverty nearly blind. Worst of all, so far as I could learn, he was quite friendless. He spoke like one inspired, and his audience listened with rapt attention. If a poor fellow like that can still hold on to respectability and effort, what shall we say of thousands of more fortunate individuals who seem never able to lift themselves out of a dull, fruitless existence?

#### Praise Among the Deaf Should be Mutual.

In the case of the deaf where their cause goes limping along for lack of co-operation and support, we should, every one of us, cultivate more the habit of praise for the workers in our behalf, instead of retarding them with our fault-finding and ugly, senseless criticism. That word of praise, whenever you think of it—and should think of it often—do not let it escape you, but give it to the man or woman who has earned it. Giving one's time and efforts gratuitously to the deaf cause is hard enough, especially so, as these workers invariably have their days crowded with other necessary duties. Then we need not wonder if a good worker drops out. Your praise was not forthcoming, so he quit. Do you let the success of your fellow-deaf inspire you, no matter whether he is artist, writer, mechanic, tradesman, or farmer? If you do not, you should. It will be your own gain to do so. You need not ask me that question, for you can see that their success gives me great pleasure at all times, else I would not be writing so many good things about them.

Sometimes a deaf person will say to me, "Why do you write for the deaf papers?"

There is no money in it." I have to reply that there would be no deaf papers if we all refused to contribute. Not a happy prospect,

is it? Occasionally the more pessimistic will say to me, "Don't write for the deaf press, nobody reads it." Nobody reads it, that would be news to me if I were uninspired enough to believe it. So it does not worry me.

Sometimes when a deaf-mute tells me that pleasure than when the remark is from some one he likes to read my writings it gives me keener else. Because in his struggle with language, the mute necessarily takes more pains in reading, and if he understands me I feel that my efforts were not in vain.

Unless you are one of those fortunate persons whose definite ideal is his constant source of inspiration, it would be well for you to find out what or who inspires you, and cling to it as a guide to better work.

#### A LETTER FROM INDIA

MYSORE INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND THE BLIND,  
MYSORE, INDIA, June 12, 1919

DEAR SIR:

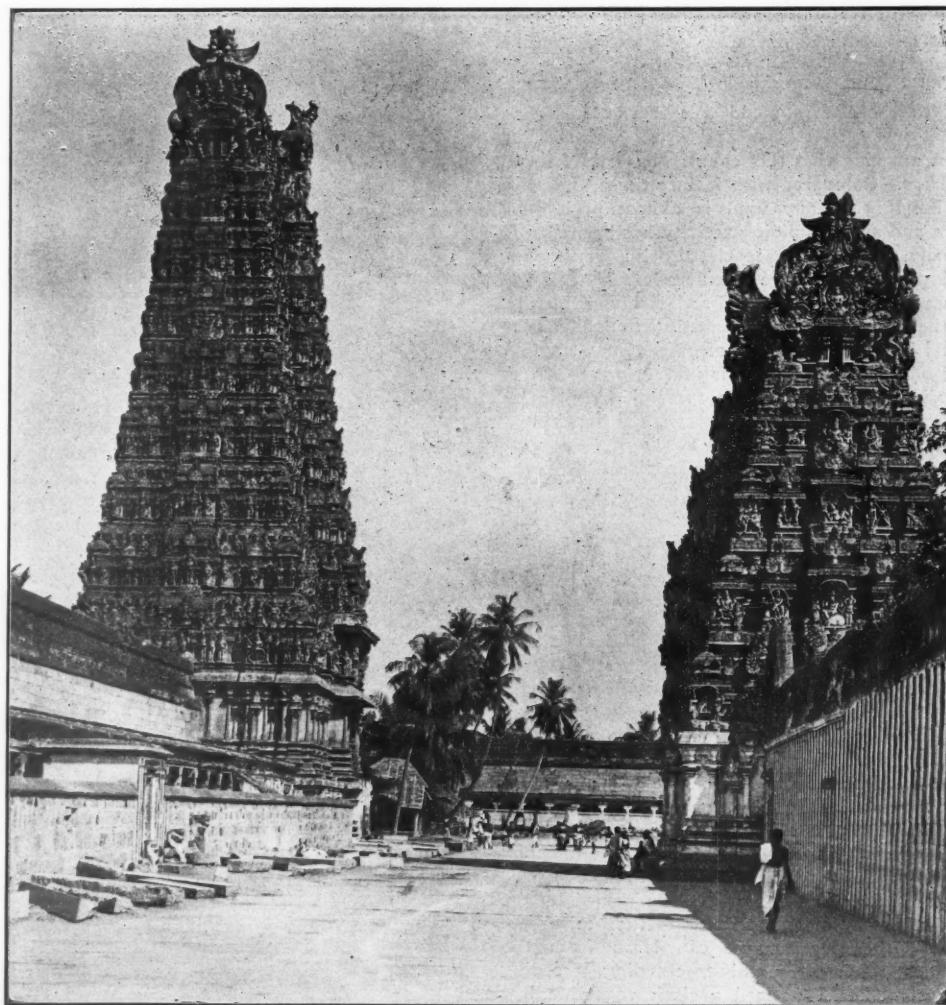
I write to say that the Silent Worker of October, 1918, had just reached me. No doubt the delay has been caused by some miscarriage in transit. We are all very glad to receive it. Our boys and girls appreciate it very much. We are anxious to obtain a complete file for the year 1918-1919. We want to be sure and receive all succeeding numbers so that we may keep our files complete.

Yours in the Cause of the Deaf,

WILLIAM P. N. V. RAU,

Headmaster.

[We expect to receive photographs and articles from Mr. Rau concerning the deaf in Southern India.—ED. WORKER.]



Conceivable Elaboration and Splendor of Madurai's Hindu Temple, India. Copyright, Underwood and Underwood



# A LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND THE BLIND,  
MANILA, P. I., August 21, 1919.

DEAR SIR:

I want to acknowledge receipt of the Silent Worker. It seems to have been reaching us regularly. The children vie with one another to get it. They like the pictures of deaf people. I told my father to write for the paper as so many things happen here of interest. Recently, we had a very interesting visit to the School for the Deaf at Tokyo, Japan. We were agreeably surprised to see hanging in the assembly-room, a picture of Dr. John Hopkins Gallaudet.

I work just about twenty hours a day. Teach two classes five hours, have twenty-five deaf children for oral work extra, run the house, supervise the native teachers and am putting six blind students through the Manila High School by reading their lessons at night. I will see that you receive an article concerning this school as soon as possible. My father will begin writing as soon as he is able.

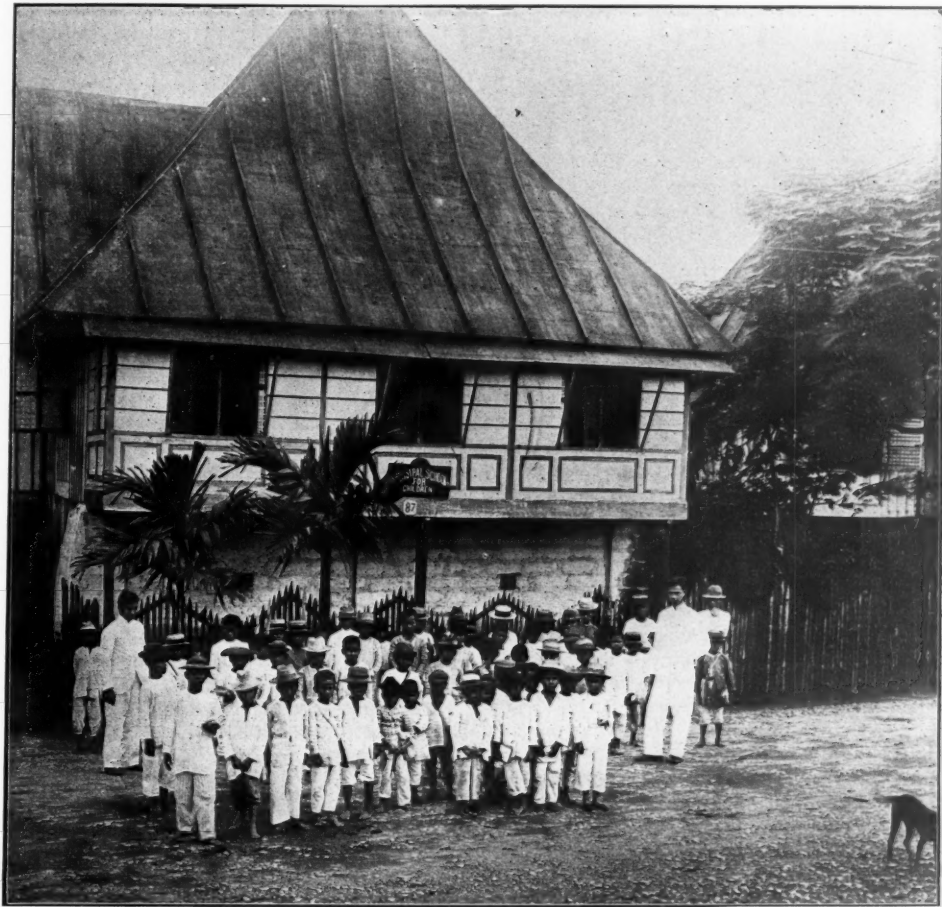
We have just had a storm which has been continuous for thirty-five days. Rainfall is eighty-five inches. Father is busy propping up his banana and papaya trees.

We are looking forward to the receipt of the next Silent Worker. Hoping that Father will be able to write for you soon, I remain.

Sincerely,

DELIGHT RICE.

[Miss Delight Rice is principal of the School for the Deaf and the Blind in Manila. Her father is deaf and was educated in this country. He will become a regular contributor to the Silent Worker.—Ed.]



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PHILIPPINE DEAF SCHOOL CHILDREN BEING ENTERTAINED BY PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN.



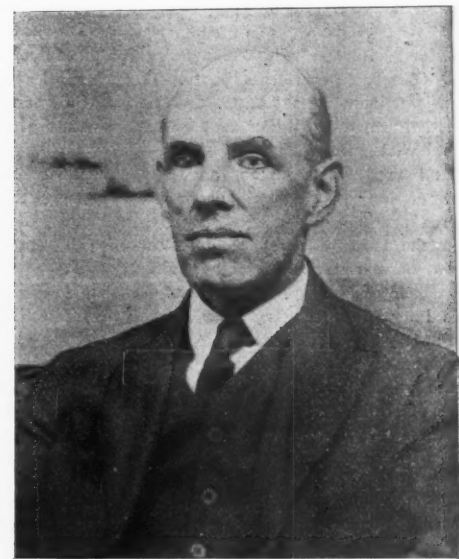
Luther Rhodes, ex '21 of Gallaudet and Mrs. Rhodes—  
Newly wed deaf couple of Anniston, Alabama.



Albert Jones Rhodes (3yrs.) and James Robert Rhodes  
(6mos.) —sons of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Rhodes,  
Greenville, S. C.

An Englishman and an Irishman made a bet which could swim the longest. On the day of the race the Irishman came to the shore in a bathing suit and a large satchel on his back. The Englishman asked him what he had in the bag "Provisions for three days," coolly answered Pat. "The bets off," said the English man as he handed Pat the money. A few days after he heard Pat couldnt swim a stroke.

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of; it heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colors more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without.—Addison.



F. W. BAARS  
Instructor in Printing, California School.



July 4th Picnic at Phelps, N. Y. where Mr. and Mrs.  
Robert E. Conley with baby boy have been summering  
with her parents, sisters, brother and cousins.



Mrs. John Bews, Mr. and Mrs. William Cherry, Mrs. John  
L. Connerton, at Phelps, N.Y.

## WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By ALEXANDER L. PACH

**T**HIS then, as the late Fra Elbertus used to say is the story of a little journey to Northampton, among other places, but principally to Northampton so far as this narrative is concerned.

As a young man my business took me to Amherst for weeks at a time and on more than one occasion I had hired a rig to drive over to "Hamp" as Amherst men used to call the place. So more than thirty years had elapsed since I had the pleasure of visiting at the pure oral shrine.

It was to be with the boys of Springfield Division of the N. F. S. D., that I left New York at noon on Columbus Day, on a Boston Express that does the trip from Grand Central to New Haven without a stop. On a gray October day the cities one passes through on a flyer are always of such strong interest that reading matter is laid by for the time being. Each of the New England cities one notes awheel have world wide known industries. At Stamford the Yale lock works tell you where you are, and if you miss the Barnum circus winter quarters at Bridgeport, you won't miss the munition works of the U. M. C. or the Singer Sewing Machine factories or the Columbia Graphophone home. New Haven gets the worst of all the cities on the line of rail it furnishes a name for, as the right of way unlike that of other cities en route, is through the least interesting portion of the city.

After a brief stop at New Haven the Parker Gun advertising and the Silver-ware industries tell us Meriden is at hand, and we are off for Hartford, passing Trinity College; "Underwood" and "Royal" typewriter homes and then the beautiful Capitol and its Park spell Hartford as clearly as the station signs there do.

Forty minutes more and we are leaving the train at Springfield three hours and forty-eight minutes from 42nd St. We step right into a Packard limousine which officials of Springfield Division have provided and are whisked away through Holyoke and Chicopee, where the biggest factory carries a sign that announces "A. G. Spalding & Co.," and base-ball fans in all the country know what's produced within its walls.

And then Northampton, and soon the unbroken line of hatless girls tell us we are nearing the sacred precincts of Smith College, then our destination, the famed Clarke School. Grown much larger than in years ago, and we alight, confused as to which of the seven buildings we should enter, this in spite of the fact that one of the ladies in the party is a graduate of the school. Soon a hand beckons us to come in, and just as over thirty years ago, I am again welcomed to the school by Miss Caroline A. Yale, Dr. Yale more properly speaking. It is not hard to understand why she is so well beloved by her students, and so well esteemed by other deaf people she comes in contact with. Knowing my inability to read the lips, she used a tablet to write on all through our visit of inspection not once addressing me in spoken speech. I asked her why she had not learned the manual alphabet for just such occasions and she laughingly told me she had learned it several times but couldn't seem to remember it.

That she is willing "to be shown" was evidenced by her attending two or three of the National Association sessions at Hartford in 1917. It was a pleasure and a surprise too, to see her there.

The Clarke School has prospered wonderfully in its fifty-two years of existence. The school has led in many betterments for the deaf. It helped rout "Asylum" and has consistently opposed "Institution" and its slightly better brother "Institute."

There is no sign on any of the school buildings announcing the character or purpose of the school, and it is just as dignified as Smith College down the street a bit. The school rooms are the finest I have ever seen and the cleanest too, I think. There

is no taint of the eleemosynary, and no odor of it either. A millionaire seeking a school for his normal child could not find a better kept one. Most of the children were out for their constitutional, and they were all well dressed and certainly happy so far as appearances went. There is no question but what Northampton gives the best education of its kind, the only question in the minds of most deaf people is the ability of the graduates to thrive and prosper on it *after school days are done*. In these columns two years ago I detailed the experiences of one of Northampton's star graduates in making what she learned there square with what she found in the after life.

The graduates of the School held a re-union in honor of the 50th anniversary of the school's founding and some of the graduates made addresses. Dr. Yale gave me a copy of the report that details the re-union and I am enabled to quote from it.

Mrs. S. E. Williams of the class of 1918 spoke as follows:

"When Miss Yale asked me to tell something of my experiences, I agreed, but on thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that there really was not anything worth telling. I have had just the everyday experiences of an ordinary hearing person, with, however, the very great additional advantage of a Clarke School education! I think after all, that is about the best thing a deaf person can say.

"But I would like to speak of the very bad habit that some of us—myself included—have, of making signs. We pride ourselves on the fact that we were educated at an *oral* school—at Clarke School—and yet, when a few of us get together once in a while we cannot keep our hands still. The signs that some of us use are entirely different from those actually taught the deaf in manual schools. The latter are of a recognized standard, while ours are not, and do not mean anything. Many of us, however, after leaving Clarke School, have so associated with deaf mutes, so called, that they have picked up the habit of using their method of speech. It is these people who tend to discourage the oral teachers. I have more real respect for the graduate of a manual school who does not speak because he cannot, than I have for anyone with a splendid Clarke School education, who does not speak because he is too lazy to make the effort.

"I am afraid a few of us do not really appreciate this great gift that Clarke School has given us—the gift of speech and lip-reading! Some people raise the objection that if the deaf cannot be taught to speak *as well* as hearing people, they might as well not be taught at all! That is all wrong. The world always respects a handicapped person who does the best he can to overcome his handicap. The oral method is still young, and it is not fair to judge the many by the few failures."

Isn't it strange that Mrs. Williams has been out of school nearly twenty years and does not know that signs are not taught at any school. Now listen to Mr. John P. Burbank:

"Speaking from the standpoint of a business man, I wonder how many of you ever stopped to consider the real value to you of the education you received here.

"In looking over the blanks with biographies that have been sent to me for the Clarke School History during the past few weeks, it has interested me very much to find how many of you are filling responsible business positions. I have never come across the graduates of any school where the sign-language is used, filling positions such as many of you hold. I think all of us who have gone into business or professional life can testify that our earning power has been greatly increased, and many openings for employment have been gained for us through the training in speech and lip-reading which we received here in Clarke School.

"Speaking for myself, I was foreman of a printing office for ten years, and have been in business for myself for twenty years. It would have been impossible for me to succeed in either position without the training I received here. I have had deaf people working for me at different times, and I find that, as a general rule, those who can talk and read the lips are of more value to a business concern than those who are obliged to use signs and the manual alphabet."

Probably Mr. Burbank speaks the truth when he

says he never came across graduates of schools where the sign-language is used that can fill positions the Clarke graduates do, for he studiously avoids other deaf people. He is a perfect example of the ostrich with its head buried in the sand, with a reverse twist to the simile.

Fancy! A foreman in a printing office and a little ways from Boston W. L. Hill owns and edits the *Athol Transcript* as he has done for years and years. And in Arlington, N. J., the *Observer* is owned and edited by W. W. Beadell, who like Mr. Hill is a graduate of a school and a college, too, where the sign language is used. Two big printing plants here in New York are owned and managed by deaf men, neither of whom could speak a sentence if their life depended on it.

I used to play whist with a little group of pure-oral graduates in the early eighties, at Friday evening card parties in Boston. Mr. Burbank was one of the group. Then as now he had no use for anything but speech and lip-reading. Time has not changed him it seems. He probably reads no publication for the deaf. I am sure he is not a member of either the N. A. D., or the N. F. S. D., the two great bodies of the Deaf that exert the most helpful efforts to better and broaden and heighten the condition of all deaf men; all deaf women and all deaf children.

If the world had to depend on the small type of men of the Burbank stamp, the world would know no Roosevelt; no Lincoln; no Washington; no Edison; no Bell; no Whitney; no Howe no Stephenson.

The world would stand still in its tracks if all men lived on the principle that they knew it all; that no one else who differed from them knew anything or amounted to anything.

Now we will listen to Miss Mary Goddard of the class of 1905, who after a plea for specialization that was well worth while, finished with:

"The education of the deaf has two modes of operation; the first, which might be called the formal training, is that which is peculiar to deaf people. Of this I have little to say for the oral method is so far superior to any other method that it would be taking unnecessary time to demonstrate the fact. The second kind of training, which might be called the material training, is that training which is common to the education of all people. It is about this training that I wish to say a word."

Much as I hate to differ with a woman, I am sorry to say that Miss Goddard, like her fellow "Clarkites," only knows one method and it is presumptuous to make a comparison when she doesn't know what she is talking about. Our highest trained ship-builders do not claim they know all about ship-building, for while they can build great ships they can learn in the ship yards of other nations, and they not only can but they do. Our navy experts would be laughed at if they proclaimed that they were the only designers and builders that could turn out a dreadnaught.

While I cannot speak of their lingual accomplishments I do know that the spoken speech of a deaf person who has never heard it uttered is a far from pleasant thing, and I do know that the Clarke School has sent out many, many unusually good lip-readers. So, too have the combined schools. I also know deaf people who never attended any school for the deaf who have been skilled lip-readers. In Phillipsburg, N. J., is a skilled machinist deaf and dumb who never attended any school, can neither read nor write, yet is a big wage earner, has a devoted deaf wife and splendid children. A little distance away over in Pennsylvania, another deaf man never attended a school for the deaf, but was taught at home. Can neither read lips nor use the manual alphabet. Not only owns a big farm, but several vast orchards that make him one of the most successful apple growers in Northampton



County. In the small town where I was raised a young woman who lost her hearing at three, went to school with us normal children (I had not become deaf then). She read every one's lips, though under unusual circumstances we used the two hand alphabet. She attended lectures and read sermons from the speaker's lips. Her father was the principal of our school but knew nothing of the science of teaching the deaf. She needed no teacher. It just came natural to her as singing did to Patti, but if all the other little girls of Red Bank, N. J., had lost their hearing there might not have been another Eva Reid among them all.

In other words:

Oh well, the moral lies in the application of it.

The good old *Hoosier* is with us again after being a war victim for a year. In its initial number it gives us the following gem:

"The new superintendent's name among the deaf is 'P' on the right temple. Mrs. Pittenger's name is 'P' on the heart. In other words (the editor is guessing now) the superintendent is, according to the sign, the brains of the institution and the matron the heart of it."

The old order changeth! The former Superintendent's name among the deaf, just as among the hearing was Richard Otto Johnson. But of course we all know what the *Hoosier* man intended to say.

ALEXANDER L. PACH.

Inconstant, blind,  
Deserting friends at need, and duped by foes;  
Loud and seditious, when a chief inspired  
Their headlong fury, but, of him deprived,  
Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.  
—Thomson.

Money never made a man happy yet, nor will it. There is nothing in its nature to produce happiness. The more a man has, the more he wants. Instead of its filling a vacuum, it makes one. If it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that want another way. That was a true proverb of the wise man, rely upon it: "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure, and trouble therewith."—Franklin.

The mark of the man of the world is absence of pretension. He does not make a speech; he takes a low business tone, avoids all brag, is nobody, dresses plainly, promises not at all, performs much, speaks in monosyllables, hugs his fact. He calls his employment by its lowest name, and so takes from evil tongues their sharpest weapon.—Emerson.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.—Washington Irving.



PRIVATE WILLIAM LEAMAN  
236 McLean Kilties—"Sir Sam's Own"

## Children of Deaf Parents in the War Service

Seaford, Eng., Feb. 18, 1918

Dear Mrs. Hampton:—By this time you have heard thru Archie Leaman of the death of Willie Leaman. This has cast a cloud of gloom over the whole Battalion as he was a very favorite popular and a nice good living clean boy. It is too bad that he was taken away so young. These things we in our smallness of mind cannot understand. But the reason is found in the great loving heart of God and in His omniscience. He did not die upon the field of battle in the midst of noise and turmoil of the fray. But yet he has as nobly done his bit, he has as truly done his duty and he merits the same honor and praise and glory. He has given his life for his country. He took up arms against the rulers of militarism, the enemies of Justice, Righteousness, Civiliza-



DEISE FAMILY

tion and Christianity. He died that these things may be sustained. He died that these things may be maintained for others. And this is the grandest sacrifice possible, "Greater Love hath no man than this that a man laid down his life for his friends."

Willie was buried with all the rites of a funeral service. The pipe band played a funeral march. There was a firing party. The coffin was placed upon a gun carriage which was drawn by six horses. Then followed Archie, the Colonel and myself. Then came the Platoon to which Willie belonged. The rear was brought up by Major C. R. Mersereau Officer Commanding "D" Company in which Willie was. It was a splendid procession and presented a beautiful picture; every man had his kilt on and the funeral dirge played by the Pipe Band was a unique thing. A large crowd of civilians followed the procession up to the cemetery. We were sorry that we could not get a picture of the funeral procession. The Camp Chaplain and I conducted the funeral service. The Buglers sounded the Last Post and the Firing Party fired three rounds of ammunition.

Sunday, the Colonel Mr. Seely, Commander of Willie's Platoon, Archie and I went out to the cemetery and took a picture of the Cross, grave and ourselves standing around the grave and also one of Archie just as he was looking down at the grave for the last time, you will notice two wreaths of flowers upon the grave which were given by his Company. The Cross is one of mahogany and is the best out there by far.

It is a very difficult thing to write about your son, but I thought that you would like to know all about it.

Yours truly,  
W. F. GODFREY, Chaplain.

Private William Leaman, 1030321, was one of the 236 McLean Kilties of America, Sir Sam's Own.—He had a brother and uncle serving in the European war. He is the son of deaf-mute parents, his father being dead and his mother is now Mrs. Harry M. Hampton residing at 23 North Street, St. John, New Brunswick.



OUR WAR GARDEN

Sergeant Leroy E. Deise, 86 Aero Squadron U. S. Air Service, A. E. F., France. Private Clarence W. Deise, Headquarters Co.—148 F. A., A. E. F., France and Thomas A. Deise, U. S. N. T. S., 1st Company Main Barracks, San Francisco, California, July 18, 1919.

## AN EXPERIENCE

Sometimes we go to church on Sunday. Being an officer in a Spartanburg Church and having a very active young pastor, we often go twice on Sunday.

We know there is such a thing as religious dissipation" and sometimes feel that we verge on it on Sunday.

But we went one too far the other day; we went to church on Friday night. We have always heard that Friday was an unlucky day for anything but a hanging and we know that it is an unlucky day for us to go to church.

Last Friday our auto was in the shop as usual and we begged the loan of the Doctor's car, an Oldsmobile. Being of rather a sociable disposition and having nothing against any member of our family at that particular time, we invited several members of the family to join us—in fact every one went that could go—sometimes hats and coats and shoes won't go around. The going was good and was enjoyed for we did not anticipate any trouble.

The car was parked at its accustomed stand in front of the church and the family went in and heard a most excellent lecture from Capt. Slaymaker of Alexandria, Va.

After the service was over and after we had come out of the church, a dispute arose as to where the car had been parked. We felt sure we knew but the car was not there and so far as we knew it has not been back there since. At first we felt sure that some friend, knowing the car, had borrowed it but if so he was in no hurry to return it.

We first removed from our shoulders the burden of the family and then we went to work with the police and the newspapers.

The next morning we were notified that the car had been found a mile north of the city on the highway leading to Nashville, N. C.—E.x.



CHARLIE LEEMAN (standing)  
British Navy

# Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

## EDITORS

ALVIN E. POPE, M. A. JOHN P. WALKER, M. A.  
GEORGE S. PORTER, Business Manager

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THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

VOL. XXXI November, 1919 No. 2

With six linotypes in operation, and everything else to correspond, our printing office feels quite "at ease in Zion."

The editor of the Companion need not feel hurt because a character in the *Saturday Evening Post* makes the statement that all editors are more or less crazy. It has long been conceded that there is no such thing as a perfectly balanced mind. Why should we expect the editor to be an exception?

## THE CONFERENCE OF SUPERINTENDENTS

The calling off of the Conference of Superintendents which was to have convened at the Ohio School for the Deaf on the 11th inst., while unexpected and at very short notice, seems to have been quite unavoidable, labor conditions and the coal strike making it absolutely necessary. Due notice of the new date will be given in these columns, as soon as it is announced.

## A BENEFIT TO ALL

Our combination subscription lists and those of our associates have grown with daily accelerated pace, and the arrangement has proved to be mutually advantageous to all. It is an especially good thing for the subscriber, who now gets his home paper with all the local and near-by news together with the Silent Worker news and correspondence from all parts of the world, to say nothing of the pictorial features; and all for the price of one paper.

## WHERE THERE'S A WILL

In the marked success she has attained in the moving-picture Miss Helen Keller has again demonstrated her adaptability and her ability to overcome. Hundreds with all their faculties have entered the field only to fall by the way-side. Miss Keller seemed "to the manor born" and her completed drama is attracting wide-spread attention wherever presented. Deaf children and those interested in them, everywhere, await its

## THE SILENT WORKER

arrival with interest and, with its presentation, there will come, to all, further exemplification of the aphorism that "there's no such word as fail."

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT

One of the most attentive and interested listeners in the large audience assembled to take part in the commencement exercises at the College for the Deaf in Washington, a few years ago, was the President of our nation. The eloquence of his address was a striking feature of the occasion and one of the particularly striking features of this address was the circumstance that he called each of the students who had presented essays by name, referred to the state from which they came and took up and treated most eloquently every point made by them. It was only another evidence of the great interest that Theodore Roosevelt at all times manifested in every thing around him. He overcame by the intense study he gave things, by the grasp of things obtained from this study, by his wonderful memory, by his forcefulness, and, above all by his intense, unvarying love for everything American. His death gave rise to the question as to just what place he held in the affection of the American people, and as to just what niche he should occupy in America's Temple of Fame. His obsequies were scarce over before he was accorded a place among the first. The number has narrowed until he ranks with Washington, with Lincoln and with Grant, and, as an exponent of true Americanism, he scarce has a peer. He was as great in little things as in great ones; as great in his love for the deaf and in his efforts in their behalf as he was in the weightiest affairs of the nation, and taken all in all it will be many a day ere we shall look upon his like again.

## SCHOOLROOM HELPS

We have resorted to many expedients during the past month for exciting greater interest and more study in our class-rooms, and are gradually evolving many ways of making the lessons there given, more attractive to our little folks. Among other helps, we have discovered a wealth of good things in the store-rooms of the School Specialty Company located in the Real Estate Trust Building in Philadelphia. Among the most valuable things we have obtained from their stock has been "The Parker Word and Number Builder," "Stencils and Patterns," "The Young Artist Drawing Board" and "The Time Teller."

We can take but one possible exception to them and that is the fact that when a class is engrossed in work on them, so great is the interest that getting promptitude in answering the school-bell or alarm for fire-drill becomes a most difficult matter. But this only goes to show how fascinating they are, and we cannot recommend them too highly as aids, especially to the younger children.

## OUR WAR BABY

The tiny seed planted and nurtured by Mrs. Pope last year has brought full fruition and we now have a little war orphan all our own. Our fund was placed in the hands of *Life*, by whom it was forwarded to the other side, and we were assigned a little one by the name of Mireille Gambier. Before arrangements for its maintenance could be completed, however, it passed away leaving our contribution otherwise to be disposed of. There were many other little souls ahungering though and another beneficiary was soon found. The new baby is named Paulette Kervren and its home and that of its four brothers and sisters is in the city of Paris. The following correspondence concerning it fully explains itself:—

October 21, 1919.

NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF:—We have received notification from the society in Paris of the death of the child, Mireille Gambier, who was assigned to your contribution to our fund. In place of this child they have substituted: Paulette Kervren, 27 rue Claude Tillier, Paris. 12.

The balance of your subscription will be forwarded to Mme. Kervren and any letters that we may receive from her will be forwarded to you.

Trusting that this arrangement will be satisfactory to you, I remain,

Very truly yours,  
JAMES S. METCLAFE,  
for the editors of *Life*.

P. S.—We enclose a letter which we have just received from Mme. Kervren.

Paris, October 9, 1919.

The Director

Sir:—I thank you in the name of my little Paulette whom you have had the goodness to adopt. I have just received the first check. My little girl is 28 months old. She is a child in perfect health. Rest assured, sir, that I will not forget to make your goodness known to my little one. I have remained a widow with five children. Paulette is the youngest. I beg you to believe that your help is a precious aid to me. If you wish, I will send you news of my children every month.

With sincerest thanks, I remain,  
Yours respectfully,

(Mrs.) V. KERVREN.  
27 Rue Claude Tillier, Paris (12a)

Mrs. Pope already has the nucleus of a fund for the baby's second year, and this will, no doubt, be swelled by contributing friends in the near future, to its old proportions, and we will have the satisfaction of knowing our baby's coming twelvemonth is well provided for. It is a pleasure to know, too, that sister schools have also done their bit in the matter, some of them providing for two little orphans.

## THANKSGIVING

For the gladness of the sunshine,  
For the dropping of the rain,  
For the springtide's bloom of promise,  
For the autumn's golden grain,  
For the beauty of the forest,  
For the fatness of the field,  
For the orchard's rosy fruitage,  
For the vineyard's luscious yield,  
We thank Thee, O Lord!

For the nobler, richer beauty,  
For the light that spirits know,  
For the sacredness of duty  
Guiding us through life below,  
For our earthly ties so precious,  
For the fireside warm and bright,  
For the faith that through the darkness  
Leads us to immortal light,  
We thank Thee, O Lord!

AGNES MACHAR.



### DON'T BE A CRANK; BE A SELF-STARTER

Don't be the sort of an employe who must have instructions pounded into him before they have any effect.

Don't be the kind that must be addressed in an angry tone if they are to be impressed.

It should be sufficient for any employer or superior officer to pleasantly request certain services from you.

The man who must be whacked and pounded into action is no good in any establishment, and the sooner such men get the gate, the better for their employers.

It is too expensive to hire men to work and then have to hire others to watch them every minute in order that proper services may be secured.

The willing worker, the man who acts immediately upon instructions which are pleasantly given to him, is the sort of employe who is worth having.

Such a man gives honest services at all times, and this is what counts in the work-a-day world.

Snirks are expensive at any price.—Binders Talk.

### JOHN K. CLOUD SPEAKS TO THREE HUNDRED MUTES

Three hundred Mutes attended John K. Cloud's lecture in signs, Sunday evening, at Goodyear Hall, in which he told of his thrilling experiences on the Piave River, and many other war happenings. Cloud, who was Representative for the Mutes of the United States in the American Red Cross work saw service on both the French and Italian fronts.

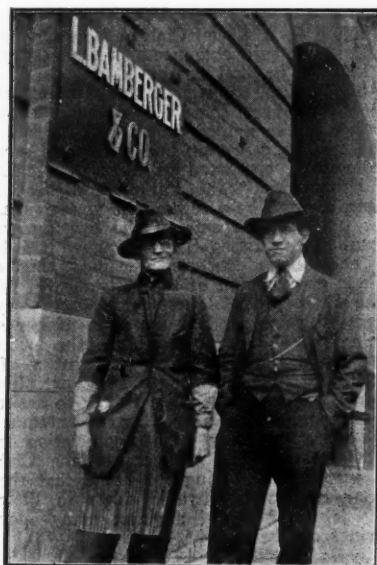
This young lieutenant won a valor medal for his exploit on the Piave when he dashed through a Hun fusillade into the swift current of the Piave and rescued an Italian aviator who had fallen from his machine, which became entangled in the telephone wires above the river. He also won a distinguished service cross for his bravery in the ambulance service.

While in Paris, Cloud became acquainted with the daughter of Mute French parents and she helped him in his work there. He could not speak French fluently nor could she speak English, but since the sign language is the same in either language, that did not handicap them.—Wingfoot Clan, July 8.

Our bravest lessons are not learned through success, but misadventure.—Alcott.

### TWO SUCCESSFUL NEW JERSEY BOYS

The Counter Current Events, the official publication of Bambuger & Company's big department store in Newark, N. J., has the following to say about two of the New Jersey School's old boys:



Two Experts in Their Own Line

Even if a suite is Louis XVI and is supposed to be that old, William Klinger and Charley Quigley can give a modern appearance to it in a few minutes. They are expert furniture polishers, which calls for considerable skill.

They are both deaf mutes, but in spite of this handicap they are remarkably efficient and are two of the most popular co-workers in the Warehouse.



The above is a picture of DeWitt Staats, who will be remembered as a pupil of the New Jersey School a few years ago. He is farming successfully in Florida. It is not a pipe which he has in his mouth but a sweet potato and those he is holding and the one on top of his head show the size of the garden product grown by him.

A party of six young men from the Goodyear factory at Akron, Ohio, out for a month's vacation visited our school last week. The members were; George Barron, F. G. Fancher, Ansil Haggard, Alex Parrish, Floyd Buster and Erie Arneberg. They were travelling equipped with camping accessories, so they were independent of profiteering landlords. They left Akron the middle of October and had been as far west as Colorado Springs, and as far south as Kansas City. They made many stops on the way, took in all the sights, climbed Pike's Peak in their car and reported that they had had a thoroughly enjoyable time. The trip was made without mishap save for a punctured tire now and then, and running into a ditch once near Louisville during a blinding rain storm. Mr. Ashland Martin, the right hand man of the Goodyear Company in dealing with its five hundred deaf employes, started out with the party but was called back after reaching Omaha.

They left Akron in a Cadillac, but found the car rather heavy for western roads, so on reaching Omaha they sold it and purchased a Buick. Mr. Fancher was at the wheel the entire distance.

The party spent two days in Danville, and we found them pleasant young fellows, of the sort that can be dropped down anywhere on earth with the certainty that they will land on their feet.

There was a pronounced Kentucky flavor to the party as Mr. Haggard was educated here, Mr. Barron was the boys' supervisor for several years prior to 1918, and Mr. Fancher is a son-in-law of Kentucky, having married Miss Katie Martin, a graduate of our school.—Kentucky Standard.

Mr. Kenneth Willman of Spokane, Washington, has been appointed instructor in printing and associate boy's supervisor. Mr. Willman is a graduate of the Washington School for the Deaf and of Gallaudet College. He has worked in newspaper and commercial printing offices and taught printing in the Tennessee school last year, doing some teaching also in the literary department. All these people come well recommended and we fully expect that they will make good in their various positions.—The Oklahoman.

Former un-married pupils who followed the trade of printing while at school, if in good standing, were granted the privilege of returning and taking as much as a five months course on the linotype. As only a limited number can be admitted at one time, applications must be filed with the Superintendent. All who take this course shall be under the same rules that govern the older pupils as to their conduct while upon the grounds of the school.—Kentucky Standard.

We have also wondered at the uncanny way in which things escape from the institution printing office. We thought they flew away and have been watching diligently for the hole through which they go, but the Advance man says they evaporate. In that case I guess we had as well concentrate our attention on other matters.—P.—The Deaf Mississippian.

### THE SELF STARTER

A great many people have to be cranked up every day, but now and then you see some fellow who is a self starter.

The self starter comes down to the office in the morning, hangs his coat on a hook and, zip—he gets into immediate action.

The other fellow potters around for an hour and, finally, gets busy when the "boss" maps out his day's work.

Now, the man who has to be cranked up at 8:30 A. M. is not by any means a ne'er-do-well. He turns out effective work, when he is told what to do, but he lacks initiative. He is minus the instinctive or intuitive ability to size up a situation, see what ought to be done and do it.

The man, in charge of a big force of employees, has no time for infinite detail. It's almost as much trouble to tell you how and when to do things as it is to do them himself.

But he has only a few self starters and therefore he has to let you pike along, realizing if he does not keep the props up under you, you will fall.

But he has his eye on the self starter, all the time and when there arises a new job or he is looking for somebody for a vacancy higher up, does he elevate the fellow who has to be cranked up? He does not. He pins his faith on the self starter, the man who has all the latest mental appliances and who can take the new job, throw himself into high gear and observe the rules of the road.

If you are going to do any work this year, better be a 1919 Model.—The Wingfoot Clan.

### ORIGIN OF "HOOSIER"

Way back in old Indiana days they had a mode of greeting in the local vernacular "Who's yer?" meaning "Who's here?" and spoken as "Hoosier." Hence the word as applied to an Indian—so report says.

### ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL NEW JERSEY BOY

George Azzariti, whose handsome features are pictured in the reproduction below, is one of the most popular deaf persons of Hoboken. He is a graduate of our school, another older pupil who found his way into the world. He is married and has four beautiful children, all of whom hear and speak. George has a steady



GEORGE AZZARITI

position with the American Lead Pencil Company as foreman of the printing department. He has been connected with the firm for seventeen years and earns a fat salary. He is one of Mr. Porter's oldest boys.

**INDIAN SUMMER DAYS—YOU AND I**  
**I**NDIAN SUMMER days are at hand—the golden and russet days when Nature has finished her task of reproducing the species—of ripening the grain for the long winter before us.

Maple and sumack are dressed in scarlet, and the cottonwoods and aspens are draped in brilliant yellow.

The waters of the mountain lakes and streams are cold and blue, glittering in the fall sunshine, and the lusty trout seem to realize that winter is not far off, as it is the time when they take the fly or bait most eagerly. It is the enchanted time of allurements to those who love the outdoors, for just now there is much to learn from the wilderness, for at other times you will miss it.

The flowers are about all gone, still the goldenrod manages to withstand the frosts of the cool evenings, and each brook you pass, and each tree, and the wild life on all sides of you, has a story of its own to tell if you will but interpret its meaning in the right way.

The muskrats are busily engaged in building their houses, and storing food, as are the beaver and squirrels: the fur bearing animals are running the woods these bright, moonlight nights, eating all the time, thus acquiring a coat of fat that will keep them during their hibernation thru the cold months. Deer have changed their summer coats from the summer red to the winter blue. Grouse and quail are full fledged and strong, and the wild ducks are honking defiance to the hunter.

And under the moon a lonesome coyote howls, for he, too feels the mystic spell of Indian Summer.

How can you, then, you Watchers of the Clock and Business Man, sit in your office and dictate letters to your stenographer while these glorious days pass by unheeded?

How often I have heard you say "Oh, yes, I'd like to get out for awhile, but how can I? Just look at my desk here piled high with all this business: I just can't get away."

Of course he will say he hasn't time to get sick, too, but the time comes just the same when he does, and somehow, the old world goes on just the same. And his business goes along no matter if he does fret his head off. There is always another man with just as much ability, just as much brains as he, and steps in and runs the business—and this fellow can take his place while the boss goes hunting or fishing.

But the hard part of it is to make the boss understand this, for he goes around with an over-

rated notion of his own importance, but if he were suddenly struck by lightning, nine-tenths of the world would never know of it.

All this is cold fact. This talk of having no time to go, is simply rot—an insane idea that won't stand in the light of logic for five minutes. So do a bit of thinking and figure out how long you can stay away from business without wrecking it, and be content to invest that time in health and bodily vigor by going to the wild places, free and open places where there is everything that makes the red blood course thru your veins—and the means to the mountains. And when you return from such an outing, you will be content with less per cent profit: things will seem better, brighter; life, after all, seems worth living, and you'll find that perpetual grouch you took with you, was left behind.

And don't ever tell me again that you "Haven't time" to go, for you really haven't time not to, unless you have all your earthly affairs settled and expect to "cash in" awfully soon.

"And I see again in fancy,  
 Through the cool and dusky morn,  
 All the rusty, ragged wigwags  
 Of the shocked and frosty corn,  
 And I almost start to whistle,  
 Ere my recollection clears  
 To the bob white that is calling  
 Through the dead and vanished years.

"Oh, my heart is sad and weary,  
 And I long to fall asleep  
 Where these visions ne'er can taunt me,  
 In a slumber long and deep—  
 When October's haze comes creeping  
 Over the fields of stubbled grain,  
 And the tints of gold and crimson  
 Mount the aspen's boughs again."

#### ORCHESTRA LOOKED FINE

The first telegram that came to Mrs. Barton last Friday morning read:

"Mother is ill. No serious danger, but wants you to come at once. "FATWER"

Mrs. Barton was too perturbed to remember that her husband's only aunt, Miss Wendell, was due to arrive at the Union depot at 4:30 that afternoon. This circumstance was brought to her mind by the coming of a second telegram that she opened with trembling fingers, fearing that her mother's condition would be worse. She did not know whether she was relieved or more troubled to read:

"Will reach Chicago today at 1:15 instead of 4:30. Union Station. "MARY WENDELL"

Barton was on a business trip up in Michigan and would not arrive home until 6 o'clock that

evening. Mrs. Barton's train left Chicago at 11:45. What was to be done with Aunt Mary?

Mrs. Barton had not much time in which to think of what courses of action lay open to her. She snatched at the only thought that came into her head. "I have tickets for the Chicago orchestra concert this afternoon for the two of us," she thought. "Now, I have never met Aunt Mary, but I am sure that she will enjoy the concert"—Mrs. Barton has a happy way of judging the rest of the world by her own preferences—"and I shall send the tickets down to her at the train. Katie will take them. I can trust to her for finding the old lady."

Mrs. Barton took her own train, leaving Katie in the station with a note for Miss Wendell that was quite lengthy under the circumstances. Contrary to the way of stories, Katie found Miss Wendell without the least difficulty and delivered the note to her. Miss Wendell smiled at her and asked the way over to Orchestra hall. Katie was delighted to be the guide. Miss Wendell asked her timidly to remain with her. Katie had had other plans for the afternoon, but she was a most agreeable maid and expressed a willingness to remain.

Mrs. Barton has procured excellent seats for the occasion. Katie hoped that Miss Wendell was enjoying the programme. For her own part she would have preferred a ragtime concert. But she was the custodian of the guest and she held to her post. She piloted the guest out to the Barton flat and made her comfortable until Mr. Barton arrived just in time for dinner. He was surprised to find the note from his wife, and still more surprised to find his aunt.

"What time did you get in?" he asked her.

"What?" she asked.

"What time did you get in?" he queried again.

"Oh, 11:45."

"And what did you do all afternoon?"

"Pardon me."

He repeated the query.

"I went to the concert."

"Did you enjoy it?" He had to ask her three times.

"They looked nice," said Aunt Mary.

Barton went out on the back porch to laugh. He wonders if he ever told his wife that Aunt Mary was deaf.—Chicago Journal.

The N. F. S. D. Social Club in New Orleans held one of its most enjoyable meetings Wednesday night, May 18th, at its hall at the Y. M. C. A. From Miss Sophie Lubben, one of the most enthusiastic members, we glean some bits of news about this gathering. Quite a nice crowd was present. During the evening ice-cream and cake were served by the committee, composed of Miss Sophie Lubben, Mrs. Fannie McKnight Parker and Mrs. Edgar Stringer, assisted by a few of the young men. One of the pleasantest events of the evening was the presentation to Misses Sue Power with a box of candy and Lillian Roberts, a cameo ring and a brooch in appreciation of the assistance in organizing the Club. Miss Roberts expects to leave the Crescent City for good at the close of her school, becoming in the very near future the bride of a former Baton Rougean. This is a matter of great regret to the club members. They are, however, glad they will still have Miss Power to assist them when the public schools open in the autumn. Both ladies expressed their high appreciation of the thoughtfulness of the members of the Club. All voted just before leaving for home that they had had one of most enjoyable times in their lives, and it is the hope of all that many more like gatherings can be had.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division.—Addison.

You little know what you have done, when you have first broke the bounds of modesty; you have set open the door of your fancy to the devil, so that he can, almost at his pleasure ever after, represent the same sinful pleasure to you anew.—Baxter.

When one is past, another care we have;  
 Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.



A May-Day Party at the California School for the Deaf



## PHILADELPHIA

*The P. S. A. D. Convention in York, Pa., August 29-30 --- Continued*

By JAMES S. REIDER



HE FRIDAY evening session was considerably delayed by the late arrival in the city from the strenuous outing of the afternoon, but, by nine o'clock, the large auditorium, in which the convention was held, was well filled by members of the Society, many new arrivals from local places and a goodly sprinkling of hearing persons. After the Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., had delivered the invocation, Vice-President D. Ellis Lit took the chair while President Reider delivered his annual address, which Dr. Crouter read orally.

Owing to illness, Mr. J. A. McIlvaine Jr., Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown was unable to be present and give his report, but in place of him Dr. Crouter, as President of the Board of Trustees, gave interesting extracts from the printed report and supplemented them by a surprisingly vigorous oral address, which Mrs. J. M. Keith, (formerly Mrs. Chestnut) of Pittsburgh, interpreted in signs. Rapt attention was given this address which was more lengthy than the Doctor has been accustomed to give, and there is no doubt that it created a profound impression upon the deaf as well as the hearing persons present. It did more than that, for, in speaking good of the Home and for the welfare of the deaf in general, the Doctor spoke well nigh to the limit and put himself on record as the greatest and best "booster" of the Home in Pennsylvania. He deserved and was given generous applause on this occasion.

After the above address, several short addresses were given by representatives of various Local Branches and after that it became necessary to cut short the meeting on account of the late time.

The final session was held on Saturday morning, and it was a very busy and spirited one. Much business was dispatched, and, while there was intense feeling in debate at times, good order and harmony prevailed. One regret that was felt was that business required Dr. Crouter to return home on an early morning train; had he been able to remain he would doubtless have taken part in some of the breezy discussions that marked the closing session. The Doctor had also proposed to revisit the battlefield of Gettysburg, which he considers a very inspiring and interesting place, on Sunday, having made known his intention before he left Philadelphia for York.

Almost at the beginning of this session a spirited debate was precipitated by the report of the Committee on Nominations. Messrs. J. S. Reider, F. C. Smielau, A. S. McGhee were nominated for a new term on the Board of Managers and Mr. John L. Wise to succeed Mr. John T. McDonough. Some members wanted to see a woman on the Board and objected because none was nominated. Mr. Charles Partington championed the cause of the women but lost. There was really no serious objection to women serving on the Board; but, for the present, the Society preferred to follow the practice of similar corporations until Woman Suffrage becomes more general in practice. They now hold all the privileges of the men, except holding important office. So, all the above named nominees were elected.

The special committee on relief of deaf-mute war orphans in Europe aroused the sympathy of the convention by its report which was very ably presented by its chairman, Rev. F. C. Smielau.

Next, Mr. Smielau was again called upon to

report his ineffectual efforts, as chairman of a special committee, to prevent the passage of a clause in the new Motor Laws which prohibits the deaf from operating motor vehicles, at the last session of our Legislature. He held the convention spell-bound for nearly an hour and perspired freely as he gave a vigorous recital of how he tried every means in his power to effect a change in the law that would be favorable to the deaf, and, at the conclusion, was



ROBERT E. UNDERWOOD

roundly applauded and afterwards thanked for his labors. Later, among the resolutions that were offered for adoption by the Society was one that called for renewal of efforts to have the motor vehicle law repealed and it caused a warm and very full discussion, every speaker favoring repeal.

The Committee on Resolutions offered the usual quota of business for the convention, and the usual interest hinged upon them.

The Board of Managers reorganized by electing the same set of officers as last year, viz.: President, James S. Reider; First Vice-President, Joseph W. Atcheson; Second Vice-President, D. Ellis Lit; Secretary, R. Middleton Ziegler; Treasurer, Alex. S. McGhee. Philadelphia was recommended as the next meeting place, and another \$10.00 was appropriated for the deaf war orphans in Europe, and, in addition, a free will offering was suggested to be asked at the reception in the evening for the same purpose. The convention adjourned *sine die* at noon, on Saturday, after benediction by the Rev. O. J. Whildin.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather on Saturday no special event was held in the afternoon, the visitors being left free to enjoy themselves in such ways as they chose; but a good many of them availed themselves of the opportunity to pay a visit to Mr. Barnitz at his beautiful home, known as Harmony Hall, on the outskirts of the city which was easily accessible to by trolley.

In the evening St. John's Parish House was the scene of a reception and entertainment when the attendance was the largest of any of the gatherings during the two days of the convention,

probably over two hundred persons. An informal reception was first held; then there was a meeting for recitations, both humorous and otherwise, presided over by Rev. Mr. Smielau as Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements. Soon after nine o'clock, Mr. H. S. Hays, Chairman of the Special Committee of the York Chamber of Commerce to provide entertainment for the deaf visitors, sprang a pleasant surprise upon the big audience by changing the form of entertainment again. This he did by introducing a professional magician, who had just come from an engagement at a theatre and gave an hour's exhibition of clever tricks that afforded a good deal of amusement. This was followed by a treat of refreshments, provided by the local society of the deaf, and proved an enjoyable finale to the convention's social side.

A large number of the deaf remained in York over Sunday and attended a religious service at St. John's Church, conducted by Reverends Smielau and Whildin. The latter preached an inspiring sermon.

All in all, the thirty-third meeting of the Society, though unusually short, was yet a most pleasant and profitable one, and, like the former meeting in York, will be equally memorable. One thing we have not yet mentioned is that the free will offering for the war refugees in France, collected late on Saturday night, amounted to over twenty dollars, and other collections swelled the total contribution of the Society for this object to \$42.00, a very creditable showing, indeed.

We regret to record the death of Robert Edward Underwood on September 24th, at his home in Philadelphia after a painful illness of several months. Mr. Underwood was fifty-five years of age but he seemed much younger because of his happy disposition and his loss is one that will be felt by all of his acquaintances whether young or more advanced in life. He was originally from Baltimore which city was his birthplace and in 1879 married a Baltimore lady, Miss Bertha Wilhelmina Knisel. Two children blessed this union (Charlotta and Alyce). Being of progressive nature it was natural that Mr. Underwood should be affiliated with many associations and that, because of wide acquaintance and genial disposition, he should be most popular with the deaf public. Some of the offices held by him were Treasurer of the Clerc Literary Association; Secretary, Director and Patriarch of Philadelphia Division No. 30, N. F. S. D.; Sergeant-at Arms of the Grand Division N. F. S. D. at its convention in Philadelphia in 1917; member of the Board of Managers of All Souls' Guild, which position he still held at the time of his death.

The floral offerings from these organizations, from the Ed. G. Budd Mfg Co., (where he was employed for ten years prior to his death and where he was regarded with esteem,) and from friends and relatives were most numerous and unusually lovely. They mutely spoke of the tribute due a man dearly beloved by many people. Rev. C. O. Dantzer read the burial service at the funeral on the afternoon of Saturday September 27th and interment was in Mount Moriah Cemetery.

Mrs. George T. Sanders had the unique experience of being appointed an aide at U. S. Hospital No. 11, Cape May, New Jersey, a position for which she never applied. Friends had been exercising efforts to procure her ap-

pointment as an instructor of the deaf-blind at Baltimore and an urgent call for extra teachers having been received the government sent her orders to report to the Lieutenant-General at Cape May.

Besides lacking the necessary qualifications for teaching the adult deaf, Mrs. Sanders, after a day's observation, was convinced that perfect hearing was required of instructors of the soldiers-deaf as the causes of deafness had been extraordinary. So she asked for her discharge. While awaiting the discharge papers, she gained opportunities of observing the conduct of the entire hospital which would not have been vouchsafed her as an ordinary visitor. She reports a thrilling painful experience.

Inquiries show that at the time (April) only two deafened-blinded soldiers had been reported; there eventually regained their hearing to a certain extent admitting of free oral communication.

David Brainard Glenn who was educated at the Broad and Pine Streets School in the Civil War time, died in Carlisle, Pennsylvania on the eleventh of October of paralysis superinduced by Bright's disease.

Mr. Glenn was born in Dickinson Township, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, on the twenty sixth of January, 1848, where he spent the greatest part of his life on a farm he loved so much before his removal to Carlisle a few years ago. He was the eldest child in the family of William and Jane Ann Glenn. He was strictly temperate, never having used tobacco or liquor in any form.

He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Ada Jeanette McKeehan, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania and Mrs. Teresa Elma Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J., also two brothers in law, Mr. Harry E. Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J., and Dr. John L. McKeehan, of Carlisle, Penna., to mourn his loss.

His remains were interred on the following Tuesday in the Ashland Cemetery, Carlisle, Penna., in the family plot where are buried his parents and other members of the family who have gone before him.

The deaf of Philadelphia and the writer extend their profound sympathies to the family.

#### A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE ROBERT EDWARD UNDERWOOD

BY A FORMER CLASSMATE.

Between the leaves of an old book I came across a card on which was written: "Let us not lose the savor of past mercies and past pleasures, but like the voice of a bird, singing in the rain, let grateful memory survive in the hour of darkness." The words have made a deep impression upon me and come to my mind when I think of my dear friend Robert Edward Underwood. To honor his memory as he would have us is not to mourn his loss but to recall frequently his bright companionship while with us, his wit, his breezy conversations and gestures, his delightful gift in relating anecdotes, his loyalty to friends and last but not least his sound judgment and good common sense. His was a merry disposition and he loved to provoke laughter. It was this trait that led him into all sorts of mischievous schemes at school, but as he said later in life there was no desire on his part to cause distress or was he ever actuated by mean principles or desire to get even in his plots. The uppermost thought was a lively boy's desire for mirth—for pure unadulterated fun. He could easily have led his class had he applied himself more diligently to his studies, but he was content to take about the third or fourth place. Life was too joyous an existence to be spoiled by "grinding and drudgery," yet he always applied himself sufficiently to retain the respect of his fellow-students. He was no loafer. Until the day of his death, throughout his boyhood, early manhood and later life, he was interested in all things and ever busy. Those who knew him best realized his generous

impulses, his profound sympathy for any one in sorrow or need and while he did much in an unostentatious way, had he been blessed with more of this world's goods, he would have justly been called a philanthropist. He was never very robust while at school he avoided those sports that require great physical exertion. To baseball, however, he was devoted, studied the game until he became a critic of no mean ability. He never lost his enthusiasm for the diamond and discussed the subject with the same old fire of enthusiasm after he was too ill to do aught but read of the progress of the various teams.

He was a devoted husband and father and a true friend and I should say we will never cease to mourn his loss did I not recall the wording of the little card that seems to speak as though Robert himself had sent the message, "Let us not forget past blessings but strive to be like the bird singing in the rain." The clouds of bereavement are upon us and as we peer out into vastness of space and realize the friends we have loved are lost to our earthly vision, our eyes are misty and our hearts sad and then it is that the little songster is seen singing because of the sunshine that made yesterday so pleasant and peaceful and also for the hope that tells of the tomorrow when the sun will shine again never to be darkened by clouds, nor sorrow, nor death, nor despair, nor any of those things that must be of this Life that we shall look steadily outward to that perfect Life where there will be no parting and where we feel the sweet spirit of Robert Edward Underwood awaiting us.

Copies of the compulsory attendance law were sent all over the state during the vacation, and nearly all the leading papers in each county were kind enough to give it publicity in their columns. We thank them for the hearty co-operation thus rendered, and will appreciate any effort that they may make to build up these schools. The more promptly the children attend school, the better they will be prepared to meet the problems in life. Our aim is to make every one to realize the value of an education. A number of our boys and girls secured jobs paying handsome wages during the summer and felt that the time had come for them to quit school and to earn their living for fear that they would not be able to secure such good jobs again if they gave them up and returned to school. We are living in an age where an education plays the most important part in one's life nowadays. More good than harm will be done by staying in school long enough to learn all that will be required to properly fit one for the battle of life

—West Va. Tablet.

#### THE ROUGH PATH OF THE EDITOR

The chief requisite in an editor is not the ability to write gracefully, but to sift out the "loaded" items, suppress ill-timed truths, and foolish and spiteful gossip or bits of news.

The editor of a school paper must walk circumspectly, for a great many people have very tender corns; he must keep far from politics and religion; methods of instruction must be handled gingerly, and in fact about the only absolutely safe subject for him to write about is the weather.—McClure, in Ky. Standard.

And even if he confines himself to the weather there are some people mean enough to say that the groundhog knows more about it than he does. The editor's lot is not a happy one. If he doesn't spread his ideas over a whole page of his paper people say it is because he hasn't got sense enough to write; if he does, they wonder if he really expects people to read the stuff; and if he happens now and then to produce an editorial of genuine merit, his critics say he stole it. So, whatever he does or doesn't do he is bound to be abused. Sometimes we feel like cutting loose from all restrictions and saying things we really think, but we can't afford to keep a man with a club stationed at the sanctum door. And then we must never forget that the paper we edit is not our personal property; that the School which it represents belongs to the State, and that the State is made up of all shades of politics and religion. So, as our friend says, we must steer clear of these two great subjects. Then, too, when we get on the narrow subject of education we must not venture far. The oralists are a touchy lot, and if we criticize their method we are in for a row. If we say anything disrespectful of the sign language we bring upon our devoted head the wrath of the National Association of the Deaf, individually and collectively. This is exactly what we did a few years ago, and when the lambasting we were subjected to was finally over we went into seclusion for repairs and recuperation. Since then we have been very polite to everybody and very careful what we say.

Every picture has at least a dash or two of brightness in it, and once in a while we meet a real fellow-Christian who has something pleasant to say about our editorials, and then we begin to think there are some sensible men even outside of our sanctum. A word of commendation now and then makes up for a whole lot of abuse.—The Virginia Guide.

A farmer in great need of extra hands at haying time asked Si Warren, who was accounted the town fool, if he could help him out.

"What'll ye pay?" asked Si.

"I'll pay you what you're worth," answered the farmer. Si Warren scratched his head a minute, then announced decisively:

"I'll be darned if I'll work for that."

They were standing under an oak talking when suddenly she began jumping up and down and screaming. "Oh, John!" she cried, a "horrid paterkiller—no, I mean a pillercatter—a killerpatter! Oh! Oh! Oh!—a packerkiller fell—no, a tackerpiller a killerpacker! Oh a packerkiller Oh! John! It fell on my shoulder! Oh! What is it! Kill it quick! Kill it!"



FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE DEAF AT BELLEVUE HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

(Copied from original Photograph by H. J. Pulver, of Alabama.)

Among those in the front row are: Prof. George, of Illinois; Dr. Fox, of New York; Mac Gregor, of Ohio; Henry C. Rider, of Malone, N. Y.; Edwin A. Hodgson, of New York, and Osce Roberts, of Alabama.



## A T R A N D O M

By FRANK A. LITTLEFIELD

**G**LAD to get the October issue,—and interesting, as usual. I wonder what became of editor Porter's edict about sticking to prose? I wonder if Jimmy Meagher, as he sits up late o' nights, likes to use the rubber on his pencil as he writes.

—o—  
Whenever I see the word "Zeno," I always think of chewing gum. But since reading some of the past issues of the Silent Worker, I am thinking that Zeno is quite an observer and reader. It is quite easy to notice some parallelisms. But follow down those two columns on page 19, of the October issue. It's interesting,—is it not? What would a lot of us little shrimps do without so many with bigger heads with command of a good vocabulary,—when we want to make a little thunder? And I'm glad to note their absence, as I scan the pages wide. The pokes and jabs are missing; with Pach and Sweeney side by side.

—o—  
Did you read "Too Wise," on page 27, October issue? Makes me think of when I was a kid clerk in a grocery store. The boss started in often ordering a five gallon can of kerosene, just to see me carry it a few blocks. Later on he took to telephoning orders, imitating a woman's voice, and giving a large order, including many delicacies that no grocery store ever kept. One day he phoned, giving the name of a hotel, and ordered a quantity of macaroni seed and a quantity of pickled eel's feet.

Of course I had to put all the items in the order book, because I had been told never to let on to a customer that we did not have such and such a thing,—even when they asked for fresh eggs and western cold storage were all that was on hand. But I remembered of the teacher telling us how macaroni was made; and I had caught quite a few eels and had never seen feet on any of them. So I would not go to the hardware store for the macaroni seed, or to the fish market for the pickled eel's feet, so then we had a show down and cancelled the whole order.

—o—  
About ninety nine out of every hundred of us have to work for a living. If we happen to be on the lookout for employment, most any kind of an advertisement for help looks pretty nice.

Without any desire to be cynical, or with any lack of appreciation of Mr. Martin's work and desires,—might I reflect upon the meaning of the word "mute," and its effect used in an advertisement? Not only upon those looking for employment, but also upon those whose sympathies and interest in the advertiser and average reader are mutual.

Personally, I like a clean cut appeal,—WANTED—Strong, ambitious, deaf workmen (or workers) etc.; rather than its running to the tune of "mute" throughout. The writer has known more than one case where a person was mute, but who had the sense of hearing. Likewise, others who had not the sense of hearing, but who were by no means mute.

Without losing any of its appeal,—cannot some "ad" writer cook up an advertisement that will include them both? Or at least, let it be known that it is "WORKERS" that are wanted,—and that it makes no difference if the prospective worker is deaf or mute, or both, if the bread hooks and mental machinery can be used to advantage, that he or she will be acceptable and welcome to all the advantages that are offered,—just the same.

Out of the 450 so called mutes employed at Goodyear, I wonder if there are not quite a few who can quite well express themselves by speech?

If not,—then MORE POWER to Brother Martin and his good work. The writer does not know all he might about Goodyear and Firestone. But in my earlier life, and befo' de war, having known and observed some of the former difficulties of some of the deaf in obtaining renumeration employment,—the knowledge of the opportunities offered by both companies seemed like something much needed and long looked for. And I hoped that all those deaf and mute workers at both places would live up to their reputations and merit all present and future considerations. And MORE POWER to both Brother Martin and Schowe.

—o—  
STRIKE! (1) STRIKE! (2) STRIKE! (3) (Then some). Are you among the crowd that thinks,—that everything is on the bum? Troubled with a lot of sob stuff? Sh!—have you got a sugar hoard? Then why don't you chuck the onion overboard?

—o—  
What is a primitive deaf-mute? I would imagine one as: "A deaf-mute that has not yet had any real education and tries to make ones self understood by signs, that to him or her will seem to convey an impression of the thought or word which it is wished to convey."

I was always under the impression that there was a standard manual that was all down "in black and white,"—and that a deaf or mute person who had been educated at a school where the manual method was used, could hop off at most any place and be perfectly understood by other persons who commonly understood the manual signs used by the deaf.

Yet, as Sweeney says,—"It is but 30 miles from Trenton to Philadelphia, yet the deaf of these two communities often experience difficulty in understanding one another." It reminds me of the truth of the idea in general, as I have seen cases and got twisted myself,—because some sign was not like they used in Philadelphia and also the fellow from N'Yawk had something a little

different. After comparing notes and getting the big idea, we would conclude that all roads lead to Rome and it does not make so much difference anyhow, as long as you are understood at home.

I presume that after a deaf person leaves school, while holding to the nucleus of the real manual, there is more or less drifting and substitution here and there. Because a little variation is considered an improvement, a little more refined, or is more suggestive of the thought to be conveyed, thus there is a drifting back to the primitive.

My personal imagination of the sign language was always a vision of an accepted manual of signs, most generally suggestive, so the uninitiated could connect two and two together and get the big idea. In experience and observation, it seems like shorthand to one accustomed to longhand. You've got to spend considerable time "getting the key" before you can interpret it; and the usual manual signs are by no means suggestive, as a rule, to the uninitiated.

—o—  
But say, what's the use to write so much and make myself a bore? For everything that I might write would make a little more. Take the manual or oral,—singly,—or worked side by side; each has its merits and its failings that it's useless here to hide.

For myself, I'll take the oral and by that I will abide. 'Cause each method has its merits 'cording as it is applied. When I do mix in with strangers and I cannot see the light; you just bet that I am thankful that I can read and write. And often that's the surest way to get things down aright. Somewhat like the printed manual,—it's "down in black and white."

—o—  
Sure! Moike. But you gotta have the key.

—o—  
Well, s'long. Maybe I'll see you later.

—o—  
Let there be an entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks throughout this country during the period of a single generation, and a mob would be as impossible as combustion without oxygen.—Horace Mann.



Home of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Hesley, Garden City, L. I., N. Y. Mrs. Hesley is a sister of Glen Curtis, who has a great experimental air-plane factory located there. Mr. Hesley is in the drafting department of the Curtis plant. Last Summer the writer was among several other prominent New York deaf people who accepted the Helseys' invitation to spend the week end. In the rear of the house was one of the finest kitchen gardens to be found anywhere.

### OHIO SCHOOL GIRLS ADOPT FATHERLESS DEAF CHILDREN

At the Ohio School the older girls under the wings of Miss Zell, a teacher, organized themselves into what is called the S. S. Club. When we entered the World War these girls did excellent work at Red Cross headquarters.

When Mlle Pitrois asked schools for the Deaf to adopt deaf fatherless children or deaf orphans the S. S. Club stepped forward and adopted these two little deaf ones—brother and sister. Their father was killed on the last day of the war and their home was destroyed early in the war.

The girls gave an entertainment and earned over \$100 and with this as a nucleus they have adopted these children.

In the club photo are Miss Zell, the mother of the club, and Miss Edgar, another teacher, who is a trustee to look after the money. The Ohio School, it seems, was the first school of its kind to adopt deaf French children.

### POTTER COUNTY DEAF MUTE CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF

The Philadelphia North American of June 23, has the following news item:

Crossfork, Pa., June 23, 1919—Mr. Wipham Gressler, shoemaker, who has been a citizen of Potter County thirty-two years has announced through the papers his intention of becoming a candidate for sheriff. He is deaf and dumb, and has the reputation of a good fisherman. He says, if elected, he will appoint a good talking deputy who has a family to support. Mr. Gressler ought to be a popular candidate in many respects. He won't be around holding up farmers while they are trying to hay and harvest with long-winded tales of what a friend he is or the "Plain People" and how patriotic he is to make the sacrifice to hold the office.

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Watch the date at the end of your name on the wrapper of this publication. It indicates when your subscription has expired, at which time you should send us a dollar for a renewal, otherwise we shall be compelled to take your name off our mailing list.

Our subscription list is growing fast and that means a bigger and better Silent Worker for the deaf. You certainly cannot get along without it. Send in your dollar now and watch us grow.



The S. S. Club who have adopted two fatherless Deaf Children of France.



The Deaf-Mute Orphans of France adopted by the S. S. Club of the Ohio School for the Deaf.

### THE CALL OF NIGHT

When evening lights and shadows spread  
In wonder o'er the deep,  
And 'neath a starlit coverlet  
All nature lies asleep—

'Tis then the hush of perfect peace  
My life with calm enthalls,  
And night, to rest and pleasant dreams,  
My weary spirit calls.

Thus pillowed by eternal love,  
So quiet in its might,  
I wake at length to hail the day,  
And God—who made it bright.

—Calvin W. Laufer.

### GALLAUDET MEN AT FIRESTONE

A hearing man unacquainted with the deaf was watching the flying fingers of a group of deaf men talking together some time ago. Presently his curiosity got the better of him, and he took pencil and paper from a pocket and wrote, "Can you read and write?" He handed the paper to one of the deaf men, who glanced it over and wrote below, "Yes, sir; can you?"

The question of the hearing man was no more absurd than that of the deaf one, for the deaf are usually well educated and the percentage of illiteracy among them is almost nil. Every deaf child is provided by the state with the opportunity of securing an education, and he is required by law to take advantage of it.

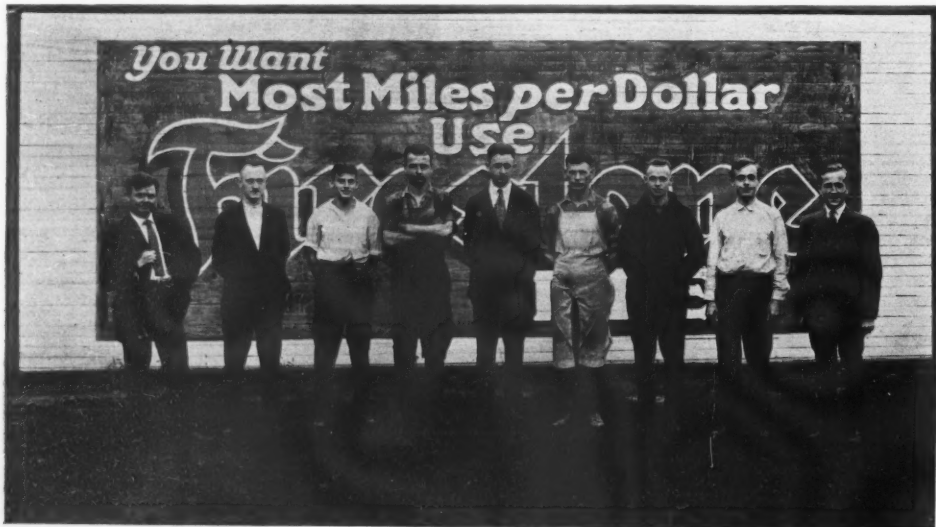
There are 160 schools for the deaf in the United States, having a total enrollment of about 14,000 pupils. Every state maintains its free public boarding school; many cities have their free public day schools, and the federal government supports one institution of higher education, to which the best scholars from each state school may be admitted on scholarships.

This institution is Gallaudet College, of Washington, D. C. The picture above is that of Gallaudet students and alumni who sojourned here during the past summer or still are with Firestone. Three, Messrs. Moran, Osborne, and Schowe, have taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts; one has another year of study before acquiring the degree of Bachelor of Science; and the others are well on the way toward the acquisition of one or the other of these degrees.

Gallaudet College has a high standing among the secondary colleges of the country. In the matter of athletics it will take second place to no school of its size in the United States.

—Firestone Non-Skid, Oct. 3, 1919.

I believe, indeed, that it is more laudable to suffer great misfortunes than to do great things.—Stanislaus.



Gallaudet Men at Firestone



## N A D F R A T I T I E S

By J. F. MEAGHER

"THEY SAY ———"

They used to say we dum deaf mutes  
 Could never learn a useful thing, sir;  
 They classified us with the brutes  
 Before De l'Epee took his fling, sir—  
 Before Gallaudet won renown  
 With his American doctrine, oh.  
 Today we deaf can hold our own  
 At any trade, in any line, oh!

*We have Hodgsons', Howsons', Hansons', Seligs'  
 selling klassy klothies,  
 Not to mention Washburnes', Tildens' and some  
 other chaps like those.*

They said we never could prevent  
 Those cursed Impostors from imposing,  
 It was the N. A. D. which sent  
 Their treasonable trade forclosing.  
 They claimed insurance for the deaf  
 Run by the deaf a losing venture;  
 Those wiseacres were sadly left—  
 The Frat is free from all debenture.

*Our Bureau placed most Impostors within prison  
 breaking stones;  
 The N. F. S. D. shows profit of two hundred  
 thousand bones.*

"Fool-killers" must stay on the job  
 To combat countless crass commotions;  
 Some frenzied fool is sure to bob  
 Serenely up with crazy notions.  
 Eugenics shall someday thrive  
 With arguments to make one dizzy;—  
 In some states NOW we can not drive  
 Our own beloved small Tin Lizzy.

*Let us rally, rally, rally to the dormant N. A. D.—  
 Until Freedom shall be Freedom from Atlanta to  
 the sea!*

:::

## 'NITROGLYCERIN' CURES DUMB MAN

Walter Wilson, who, according to a card he carried, is deaf, dumb and in the first stage of tuberculosis, was begging in the Dearborn St. depot Saturday night, trying to get enough money to take him to Arizona.

Policeman Thomas Curran took the beggar to the S. Clark St. Station, where he still pretended he was a deaf mute.

Desk Sergeant George Teape, stepping up to Wilson, showed Policeman Curran a bottle partly filled with water.

"Take this to the lockup keeper—it's nitroglycerin," he said to Curran.

As he handed it over he pretended to let it fall. Wilson, with a yell, fled toward the door, but was stopped. He then admitted he could hear and talk, but persisted he is a consumptive. He was locked up on a charge of disorderly conduct. —CHICAGO HERALD AND EXAMINER, SEPTEMBER 1.

Credit for the above case—one of the first known in many months—belongs to Kentucky State Chief Edgar M. Hay, who was studying in the Mergenthaler linotype school in Chicago.

Impostors are almost as extinct as kaisers these days.

:::

Michigan, Pennsylvania and Missouri have enacted laws interfering with the driving of autos by the deaf. The Michigan law states that in case the applicant for a license has a defect which MIGHT interfere with his or her operation of a motor vehicle, the examiner may require a demonstration to show that he or she is competent to drive. Michigan examiners have been denying us even the chance to demonstrate.

Robert V. Jones, secretary of the Detroit local committee—which is preparing to give you and me a glorious time at the N. A. D. convention next summer—personally appealed to the Secretary of State. This proving fruitless Jones used the power and prestige of the National Association of the Deaf to persuade the attorneys of the Ford Motor Corporation to present the matter most strongly to the state attorney general, with the result several Detroit deaf drivers have been passed as O. K. by officers who had previously turned them down before.

This unwarranted and unreasonable and altogether unjust discrimination against the right of the deaf to liberty and the pursuit of happiness bids fair to become as much of a national issue with us as was the infamous Impostor evil a few years back. By special enactment of specific legislation in a quarter of the states of the union, and discovery of laws covering the misdemeanor of falsely pretending to be deaf or disabled in half of the remainder, practically all the leading states of America are now relatively free from Impostorism. Having done this the National Association of the Deaf should be able to successfully combat this absurd spasm of anti-deaf drivers legislation—but it will take hundreds of dollars.

Are you doing your part by joining the N. A. D. and helping it stand up to preserve for you and yours the liberty your children and relatives fought for in France?

If not, WHY not?

:::

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"

We deaf are helpless when alone,

And it is useless to complain

We're not allowed to use our own:

"All men created equal, free."

"The Lord helps those who help themselves."

Our only help's the N. A. D.—

So help it help us as it delves.

:::

Jim O'Leary, newly elected president of the Washington State Association, formerly owned and operated small newspapers in Minnesota. In 1901 he was elected delegate to the Minnesota state Democratic convention although stone deaf. O'Leary has a hearing wife.

:::

The president of the Empire State Association is Mrs. Annie Lashbrook, printing instructor in the Rome school. Mrs. Lashbrook who is a prominent member of the Order of the Eastern Star, a hearing organization, made a great fight at the Philadelphia convention to secure admittance of women to the N. F. S. D., and is expected to lead a successful campaign at Atlanta, 1921.

:::

There is only \$3280.96 in the Endowment Fund of the N. A. D., of which sum \$77.44 was added between April and July. Compare this with the \$200,000 assets of the N. F. S. D., although the former organization is over three times as old as the Frats.

Have YOU done your bit? If not, why not?

:::

In "Do Fortunes Just Happen?" an article in the September issue of Hearst's Magazine—the verdict of which is that fortunes, in most cases, just happen to people (mostly to people who are ready)—the "lead off" of several typical and interesting incidents is the discovery of the telephone.

It is so well-worth reading it is given herewith:

Take first, if you will, the case of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, one of the most deserving of millionaires. I asked him for an interview some years ago. He said he would be glad to see me. Would I come to his house at twelve o'clock of a Thursday night? I went and talked to him until five o'clock in the morning. It is his favorite time for conviviality. He works at night and sleeps by day.

The invention of the telephone and the amassing of hundreds of millions for which it has been responsible was not merely an accident but a series of accidents. Mrs. Bell was deaf and dumb, and Dr. Bell, who is possessed of a mind peculiarly suited to original research, was trying to find a way to make speech visible. By converting speech to electric current he hoped he could reveal it to the eye by electric flashes. He did

not succeed in doing so, but he found that sound was traveling over his electrically charged wire.

Amused by this fact, he ran a wire from his attic to his basement and talked back and forth on it. It had never occurred to him, however, that the principle had commercial possibilities. He was entertaining friends some time later and told them of his discovery. He sent them to the basement and went to the attic and talked to them on his wire.

It was one of these guests who saw the commercial possibilities. He pointed them out. A great light dawned. Early next morning Dr. Bell applied for his patents. Time was saved by the fact that he resided in Washington. At three o'clock that afternoon another individual appeared at the Patent Office and made an application covering the same principle.

Had Dr. Bell not lived nearer the Patent Office than his North Carolina rival, had his friend not pointed out the commercial value of the invention, had Mrs. Bell not been afflicted, the massing of telephone millions would have been to the credit of a different group of individuals. But Dr. Bell had been ready for his opportunity when it came.

Do you get that?

See the joke?

"Mrs. Bell was deaf and dumb....."

DUMB! At least so the author states—blissfully ignoring the palpable absurdity of Dr. Bell's endeavor to "make speech visible" to one who perforce—being DUMB—had absolutely no conception of speech.

But what's the use?

As soon as we convince one writer of the misleading technicalities of his article, another bobs up serenely somewhere else. Oh, *tempora*; oh, *mores*.

To tell the truth Mrs. Bell is a gifted speech-reader, and can articulate charmingly.

:::

List, listen, while the wise one tell

How Alexander Graham Bell

Conceived the phone

O'er which his tone

Was "visible" to Her alone:

Which, peradventure, proves His Nibs

Guilty of unintended fibs.

:::

Some of the many funny stories told, at their own expense, by the young men at Chicago's Silent Athletic Club are worth relating.

Arthur Hinch was annoyed by a pedestrian who persisted in trying to talk to him on Chicago's noisiest corner. The unknown had evidently been drinking something stronger than 2½ per cent.

Hinch finally lost patience and pulling out his his little pad completely satisfied the inquisitive stranger with one sentence, thusly: "I am deaf, but I can't hear."

A. Ross had difficulty in convincing another stranger he was deaf and dumb.

"Hear?" the stranger inquired by a sign.

Ross shook his head.

"Talk?" another sign.

Ross continued to shake his head.

"Put out your tongue," this command in a sudden sign of intense disbelief.

Ross obligingly did so.

The stranger, with a look of disgust and disdain, then wrote on Ross's pad: "You have tongue, why you no speak?"

Frank Pleasant was one day asked if he could play music. Pleasant nodded.

"What instrument?" inquired the interrogator with manifest surprise.

"Pipe organ in a church," rejoined Pleasant. "I turn the crank that pumps the bellows."

Misfortunes are, in morals, what bitters are in medicine: each is at first disagreeable; but as the bitters act as corroborants to the stomach, so adversity chastens and ameliorates the disposition.—From the French.

## THE JERSEY CORNER

Conducted by Miles Sweeney



REMEMBER once being told by a friend that General Benjamin Butler of Civil War fame on observing some deaf persons conversing in the sign-language, remarked that they are "half men." I asked my friend, a sensible gentleman with no particular leanings, if that same Benjamin Butler was nicknamed "The Beast." Receiving an affirmative answer, I then told him that the general's remark is on a par with his nickname.

\*\*\*

It will come as a surprise to those who glorify the senses in that they are unconsciously advocating materialism. According to Plato the senses hamper rather than help us; the less we rely on them the more spiritual we become. According to his philosophy the material world (that is, the world in which we live) is not the real world but only a copy thereof and a poor one at that. The universe is at bottom a rational universe, a spiritual system. The body with its senses is the prison-house of the soul; in this world we live among shadows, and not till after death do we experience real life.

The Platonic philosophy, however, is not lacking antagonists. One of them is Nietzsche, who denies the existence of anything save that based on the senses. According to this philosopher the real world is not the Platonic one—that is the shadowy or fictitious world; the real world is the one we live in here and now. All we know directly is the world of our desires and instincts; and all our instincts may be reduced to the fundamental one—the will to power. The mind or intellect is only an instrument in the hands of the will, is merely a tool for power. There is no such thing as universal truth; there is nothing permanent, no purpose in nature, no morality, no God; and the only hope left for us is eternal recurrence.

Here then are two philosophies that are diametrically opposed to each other. The one bases itself on the mind; the other, on the body. The one regards the senses in a secondary light, while the other considers them of prime importance. The first may be termed spiritualism; the second is no doubt materialism.

If the Platonic philosophy is true, deafness is a gain; if, on the other hand, the Nietzschean philosophy is true, then deafness is a loss and a misfortune. As to which philosophy is the true one, I do not know.

\*\*\*

Although the schools have been growing more and more into educational institutions, they have not yet altogether discarded their eleemosynary character.

\*\*\*

To enumerate instances in which the deaf are on an equal footing with the hearing would require a volume. I will give only one:

We were walking leisurely on our way to the movies. Suddenly my young lady companion changed the conversation and said: "I wonder if Mr. J. is thinking of me." I was going to reply, How do you know? when there to be sure that very same gentleman brushed past us with a polite bow. What is the explanation of this phenomenon?

To most minds such happenings are purely accidental; but accidental they are not. Thought transference is already an established scientific fact. The gentleman in our case was thinking intently of the young lady from behind, who in her turn had caught the thought waves projected

from his brain, which prompted her to make the above remark.

The question arises, Is there a sixth sense? Very likely; for the phenomenon under consideration has none of the characteristics of any of the five senses. It is unseeable, unhearable, cannot be felt, cannot be tasted, cannot be smelled; and yet its effects are as well-founded as that of any other sense.

It is probable that this "sixth sense" is more acute in a deaf person than a hearing person, since the loss of a sense generally accentuates the others.

\*\*\*

That amiable Roman gentleman, Pliny the Younger, whose Letters will forever make delightful reading, was wont to do his thinking and writing in the quiet of early morning and with the shutters closed; explaining that "darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation." A somewhat similar method was pursued by Honore de Balzac, the Shakespeare of fiction, who got up at one in the morning, and with the help of a dim lamp and frequent doses of strong black coffee, depicted Society in one volume after another until they rose up to that imperishable monument which we now call the *Comedie Humaine*.

The mind is at its best where there is little to see and nothing to hear.

\*\*\*

Signs are as essential to the deaf as blubber is to the Eskimos. Because blubber is repugnant to you and doesn't agree with your digestion is no valid reason why you should deny it to a class of people to whom circumstances have rendered it indispensable. Likewise there exists no valid reason for denying the deaf a language that gives the hearing mental indigestion. In using signs the deaf simply follow the line of least resistance. Their minds thrive best on them. With signs they are like ducks on the water; without them they are like ducks on the land. I hope this will interest those hearing persons who would have us be ducks anyway. They are welcome to deny us anything provided that at the same time we may be allowed to deny them the title of Americans; for the simple reason that Americanism, of which we hear so much nowadays, means little else than equal rights.

\*\*\*

The second preliminary meeting of the Trenton Branch of the N. A. D., was held on October 7th last, at the home of Mr. George S. Porter. The selection of candidates for office was the main object under consideration. Here are the candidates decided upon: For president, Mr. George S. Porter vs. Mrs. Rowland B. Lloyd; for vice-president, Mr. Miles Sweeney vs. Mrs. George S. Porter; for secretary-treasurer, Mr. Hans P. Hansen vs. Mrs. Miles Sweeney. Elections will be held in December, after which the organization will begin its official career.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Hans P. Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Sweeney, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Stephenson, Mrs. Kearny, Miss Studt, Mr. George K. S. Gompers, Mr. Frank Nutt, Mr. George Morris and Mr. Edward Daubner.

\*\*\*

Mrs. George S. Porter gave an enjoyable party on the evening of October 14th last. The occasion was in honor of the birthday of Mr. George S. Porter. The publisher of the Silent Worker found himself the happy recipient of a big jar of Tuxedo tobacco and a box of cigars. Card games were played, and the evening ended with such refreshments as makes one feel inside of a palace.

The next day, which was the actual date of his birthday, Mr. Porter was further presented with a handsome umbrella by his pupils and co-workers in the printing office of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The guests at the party were: Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Hans P. Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Sweeney, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Kearny, Miss Studt, Miss Ramshaw and Mr. George K. S. Gompers.

\*\*\*

The difference between a hearing person speaking and a deaf person speaking is much like that of one who walks naturally and one who walks upon stilts.

\*\*\*

Mr. Arthur Blake, a former pupil of the New Jersey School, did your scribe the honor of a visit at the Trenton Times plant one Saturday evening recently. Mr. Blake is now a linotype operator at the University Press, Princeton, N. J., and is doing well. Although Princeton is only ten miles from Trenton, it was the first time Mr. Blake visited the latter place since leaving school some dozen years ago. More frequent visits, please.

\*\*\*

Let it never be forgotten that the deaf, the intelligent deaf at least, do not advocate the abolition of oralism. They are too good Americans not to respect the rights of the other fellow. They are the allies of Right, which in its turn needs no ally but Time in order to come out triumphant. All that Might could muster and all the Machiavellism besides, will not prevent the ultimate triumph of good principles.

\*\*\*

One ought to be tickled at the showing of the N. A. D., membership bulletin. Trenton now has 14 members, and I am assured that enough more will join before New Year to bring the total past 20. If the same spirit is shown by other localities of the state, there ought to be 200 members as New Jersey's contribution.

The organizing of local branches is the surest way of boosting the membership. The assurance of getting something in return for their money is the only way to induce the great body of the deaf to join, and this is more than provided for by a branch organization.

Rev. H. C. Merrill, who has been appointed Missionary to the deaf of the dioceses of Central and Western New York to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rev. Harry Van Allen, paid the school a visit on the twenty-third inst., and held a special service at Zion church in the evening. He will begin his regular services sometime in the early part of December, notice of which will be given in due time.

—The Register.

Leading medical authorities throughout the United States have expressed the opinion that there is a probability of another outbreak of Spanish influenza this season. It is to be hoped that we may escape a visitation, but we are taking precautions lest it come. Dr. Jackson has secured a supply of the Mayo serum and is giving the treatment to every pupil in school. The operation is not painful, and the after effects cause but little inconvenience, while it is regarded as an efficient preventive of the dread malady.

—Kentucky Standard.

"Royal Bounce." Mr. Rogers' fine Airedale, was glad to see the boys and girls come back. During the summer he spent his time on the front porch where his master and mistress spent most of their leisure but since the return of the children he has seldom been near it. An Airedale is a boy's dog; sometimes Bounce goes over to the girls' side of the grounds, but the petting he gets apparently bores him, for he soon goes back to the other side. He has adopted the boys and apparently feels a responsibility for them. He knows who is and who is not deaf. Recently a couple of men brought a new pupil and were given accommodations for the night in the boys' dormitory. Bounce sniffed at them for a while and decided that they had no business where they were, so wherever they went he stalked distrustfully behind them. When they awoke in the morning he was lying between their beds in the dormitory, and watched them, growling, while they dressed, and did not let them go out of his sight until they departed for home. His value as an assistant watchman has been recognized, and he has been given a sleeping place in one of the dormitories on the third floor of the boys' building. He observes the same hours they do, and it is amusing to see him marching sedately up stairs behind the boys to bed at night. —Kentucky Standard.



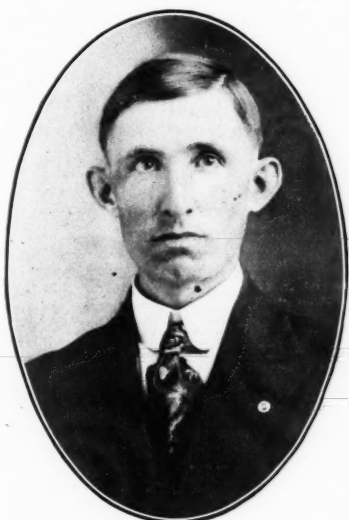
## A CONSIDERATION AND AN APPRECIATION

(From The Christian Sun)

Many persons who enjoy food and clothing forget those whose hands make these things possible. A suit of clothes may be worn and appreciated and the one who wears it perhaps never thinks of the dozen hands that went to make the fabric possible. From the raw material to the finished product faithful souls worked diligently that every part of the suit may be right and acceptable.

Those who read and enjoy papers so often forget those who make them possible. The name of the editor may be at the masthead of the paper and his name may become a household word, and yet those who labor with him to make possible the publication may never be known to the reading public.

*The Christian Sun* passes through a half dozen



MR. JAMES MARVIN VESTAL

hands before it reaches the post office. Next to the editor is the faithful linotype operator who sets the type on the most modern and up-to-date type composing machine. The servant of *The Sun* in this capacity is Mr. James Marvin Vestal, who has been the linotype operator for this paper practically ever since the present editor has been in charge. Mr. Vestal is a deaf man but does his work to a great degree of efficiency and satisfaction. He is a good machinist and operator, and is well acquainted with the linotype. The editor had the privilege of seeing him put the machine up without the aid of an inspector or any machinist. He was educated at the State School for the Deaf, Morganton, N. C. His education is thorough and practical. He is faithful in his service and untiring in his effort to bring *The Sun* up to the standard every week. This week he is at Morganton attending the twenty-fifth anniversary of his *Alma Mater*. He was chosen to deliver the response to the welcome address. We have had the privilege of reading the message which he delivered to his former teachers and friends. Without his consent or knowledge we kept his response, and in consideration of his services to this paper, and appreciation of our esteem for him, we print below his message in full. We believe that it is worthy for we feel that it will reveal to others what it revealed to us—that optimistic look that our unfortunate (?) fellow citizens have:

## RESPONSE TO ADDRESS OF WELCOME

J. M. VESTAL, BURLINGTON, N. C.

Former Students, Friends and Associates:

Great and good is this occasion on which I have the honor of thanking you on behalf of your guests, for the kind words of welcome accorded us. We assure you that we are glad to be here—glad to be where we have not been for so long. This is no strange place to us. It has been out of our eyesight, but not out of our hearts and interest. We are glad to find all the doors wide open to us. We feel very much at home and why should we not?

At this moment, I take great pleasure in telling you that we rejoice to have the privilege of helping you to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of this school. Our school is among the youngest of its kind, but not the smallest. It is the special pride of the founder, but it is an institution that we all love. And to be here today makes us love her still better. She is nearer to our hearts now than she was yesterday.

We are glad that North Carolina has a school where the Deaf can prepare themselves for useful life. Without this school we do not know where we would be. We are too proud to be pitied. We regret to say that we have heard of persons pitying us, because we are deaf. Very often we find ourselves glad because we are deaf, and while we are deaf we are not dead. Again we have heard persons praise us for doing certain deeds on no other grounds than that we are deaf. We do not want to be praised for that reason, but we want to be praised for the things that we do. And still we have heard persons say that we cannot do certain things because we are deaf. How mistaken they are! They have forgotten that the tongue and ear do not represent the ability of a man. The trouble is that we have never been given the chance. In most cases we can do nine out of ten things as well, and very often better, than our hearing brothers. So we have reason to be proud of our school and those connected with it. We are happy because our school is rapidly showing the world that the day of impossible things has passed.

To Superintendent Goodwin is due much credit for his hard and loyal work in building up the school. He has pulled through many hard places where others would have failed. He has reason to be proud of what he has done. His work speaks for him. To the members of the Board we are grateful for their loyal and faithful support. We are sure they acted to the best of their knowledge. To North Carolina and her citizens we are grateful for the purse. She is among the poorest States, but has a big heart for the good causes.

So let me say that this day is a great day, and it is good to live in this generation. The incoming generations will not find themselves wanting. They will look upon the founders with great pride because the way has been prepared for them to have good standing in the elevating forces of life and society.

So accept Sir, our hearty appreciation for your kind words of welcome. We assure you that it is good to be here.

## WHO WANTS TO HUNT SKUNKS?

Most people will run at the sight of a skunk, yet Guy C. Smith, of Farmdale, Ohio, makes it a



GUY C. SMITH.

business to trap them. In the accompanying illustration he is shown holding the hides of several of these detested animals.

From November 15th to February 1st last he trapped 25 muskrats, six skunks and one swamp coon. The coon was a great corn thief in his father's cornfield.

To go beyond the bounds of moderation is to outrage humanity. The greatness of the human soul is shown by knowing how to keep within proper bounds. So far from greatness consisting in going beyond its limits, it really consists in keeping within it.—Pascal.

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The American School Board Journal says that Mr. Dooley's new book "is the most significant mathematical text book of the year."

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The author of the dog classic, "Beautiful Joe," tells the story of a valiant little canary and the other pets belonging to a delightful family of animal lovers. Like the well-loved dog story and the unforgettable "Black Beauty," this tale of a bird's adventures teaches children to have an appreciation of and thoughtfulness for animals which will last throughout their lives. It is a splendid gift for boys and girls of any age.

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## NEW JERSEY MEMBERS OF THE N. A. D.

### Bulletin No. 10

Beadell, W. W. .... Arlington  
Breese, Miss Clara ..... Eatontown  
Campbell, Miss Anna ..... Trenton  
Daubner, Edward A. .... Trenton  
Dirkes, Albert E. .... Union Hill  
Dixon, Harry ..... Jersey City Heights  
Dondiego, Vito ..... Trenton  
Ellison, Arthur ..... Newark  
Gompers, George K. S. .... Trenton  
Hansen, Hans P. .... Trenton  
Hansen, Mrs. Hans ..... Trenton  
Hoppage, Frank Wesley ..... Ogdensburg  
Kent, Miss Annabelle ..... East Orange  
Lloyd, Ella, B. .... Trenton  
McClelland, Mrs. S. W. .... Mountain View  
Metzler, Vincent ..... Somerville  
Morris, George ..... Trenton  
Nutt, Frank ..... Trenton  
Otten, Louis ..... Carlstadt  
Palmer, H. E. (associate member) ..... England  
Pease, Lorraine B. .... Plainfield  
Poole, Chas. J. (Life member) ..... Boyertown, Pa.  
Porter, George S. .... Trenton  
Porter, Mrs. George S. .... Trenton  
Reinke, Otto ..... West Hoboken  
Simmons, David ..... Rahway  
Souweine, Mrs. E. .... Grantwood  
Stemple, Miss May S. .... Merchantville  
Stengele, Henry ..... Plainfield  
Stephenson, Mrs. R. C. .... Trenton  
Stevens, Harry E. .... Merchantville  
Sweeney Miles ..... Trenton  
Sweeney, Mrs. Miles ..... Trenton  
Tatarinsky, D. (associate member) ..... Canada

The names of new members will be added to the Bulletins that follow.

All progressive deaf people of the State are urged to climb into THE NEW JERSEY BAND WAGON and help BOOST the National Association of the Deaf.

An initiation fee of \$1.00 will entitle you to membership. See advertisement.

GEORGE S. PORTER,  
State Organizer.

School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.  
JOIN NOW

## National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1880 Incorporated 1900  
AN ORGANIZATION FOR THE WELFARE OF ALL THE DEAF

### Objects

To educate the public as to the Deaf;  
To advance the intellectual, professional and industrial status of the Deaf;  
To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;  
To oppose the unjust application of liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;  
To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;  
To co-operate in the improvement, development and extension of educational facilities for deaf children;  
To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;  
To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the impostor evil,—hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;  
To raise an endowment fund,—the income of which is to be devoted to furthering the objects of the Association;  
To erect a national memorial to Charles Michael De L'Epee,—the universal benefactor of the Deaf.

### Membership

Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the United States;  
Associate Members: Deaf persons not citizens of the United States and Hearing Persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

### Fees and Dues

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50c. Life membership, \$25 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time. All Official Publications free to members.

### Official Organ: THE NAD

Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.

Life memberships, donations and bequests towards the increase of the Endowment fund are especially needed and earnestly solicited to the end that permanent headquarters, in charge of salaried experts, may be maintained for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the work of the Association.

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Join the N. A. D. Do it now.

## Normal Training Course for Teachers of the Deaf

Owing to the great demand for teachers of the deaf who have had thorough pedagogical training together with practice in teaching, the State Normal School at Trenton, in co-operation with the New Jersey State School for the Deaf, has introduced a two-year course for the preparation of teachers of the deaf, as described below.

In addition to the formal course outlined, lectures will be given by specialists in re-education of deafened soldiers and sailors, visual education as applied to the deaf, causes of deafness, school management as related to the deaf, the origin, use and abuse of signs, aural development, etc.

### Junior Year

#### First Term—Twenty Weeks

Psychology .....	3*
Arithmetic .....	3
Biology .....	3
Drawing .....	2
English .....	3
Library Methods .....	1
Music .....	2
Penmanship .....	1
Physical Education .....	2
Observation and Practice .....	6
Preparatory Education of the Deaf .....	2
Special Subjects Relating to the Deaf .....	1

#### Second Term—Twenty Weeks

Psychology .....	3
Arithmetic .....	3
Biology .....	3
Drawing .....	2
English .....	3
Music .....	2
Penmanship .....	1
Physical Education .....	2
Lip-Reading .....	1
Observation and Practice .....	5
Preparatory Education of the Deaf .....	1
Special Subjects Relating to the Deaf .....	2
Speech .....	2

### Senior Year

#### First Term—Twenty Weeks

Educational Measurements .....	2
Observation and Practice .....	8
Reading and Spelling Methods .....	3
School Management .....	3
Manual Training .....	2
Music .....	2
Physical Education .....	2
History of the Education of the Deaf .....	1
Language .....	2
Lip-Reading .....	1
Special Subjects Relating to the Deaf .....	1
Speech .....	1

#### Second Term—Ten Weeks

History of Education .....	3
Principles of Education .....	3
Cooking .....	4
Industrial Arts .....	4
Physical Education .....	4
Sewing .....	4
Academic Education of the Deaf .....	2
Observation and Practice .....	1

The subjects named above are studied for either the first or the last ten weeks of the term; the other ten are devoted to practice teaching.

\*The number following each title indicates the periods per week devoted to the subject.

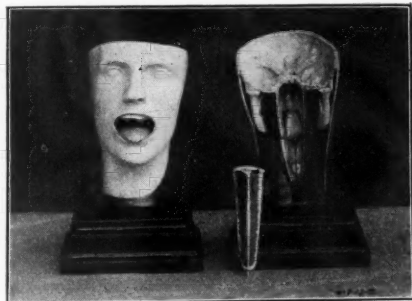
Catalogue, giving entrance requirements and a full description of the course, will be mailed to any address upon application to the principal J. J. SAVITZ.





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## THE CAT, MONKEY, AND THE CHESTNUTS

A farmer had a cat and a pet monkey. One day he put some chestnuts in the fire to roast. He was called away just then.

The monkey wanted the chestnuts very much, but, he was afraid of burning himself. So he thought he would coax the cat to get them for him. "Your paws are beautiful," he said. "You can do anything to pull those chestnuts out of the fire."

"Indeed, I can," answered the cat.

"But you are not so smart as our master," said the monkey. "He can pull them out without burning himself, one after another, till they are all out."

"So can I," said the cat.

"I know you are very smart, and that you have wonderful paws," said the monkey, "but I can hardly believe that unless I saw it."

"I will show you," said the cat.

She immediately began to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. She burnt her paws dreadfully, but she did not mind that, for every time she pulled a nut from the fire, the monkey exclaimed: "What wonderful paws! You did that as well as your master." And as fast as the cat pulled them out, the monkey ate them.

Pretty soon the master returned. He was angry when he saw that his nuts were all gone. He saw the hair on the cat's paws all singed and covered with ashes while the monkey was clean. So he whipped the cat and petted the monkey.

Whenever a designing person flatters another person into doing things which only the first profits by, we say that the first person has made a cat's paw of the other.—*Exchange.*

## HIS USELESS BLUFF

One day a barber shop had but one empty chair. A man wearing a very big hat and walking with a great deal of swagger, entered, hung his hat on a peg, and then drawing a revolver he turned to the idle man and said:

"I want a shave—just a common shave. I want no talk. Don't ask me if I want a hair cut or a shampoo. Don't speak of the weather or politics. If you speak to me I'll shoot."

He took the chair, held the revolver across his legs, and was shaved with promptness and dispatch. When he got up he returned the shooter to his hip pocket, put on his hat, and after a broad chuckle, he said to the cashier:

"That's the way to keep a barber quiet. He didn't utter a word."

"No, sir—he couldn't."

"Couldn't?"

"No, sir; he's deaf and dumb."—*Argonaut.*

"Let us suppose a railway to have been built between the earth and the fixed star Centaurus," said a lecturer. "By a consideration of this railway's workings we can get some idea of the enormous distance that intervenes between Centaurus and us."

"Suppose that I should decide to take a trip on this new aerial line to the fixed star. I ask the ticket agent what the fare is and he answers:

"The fare is very low, sir. It is only a cent each hundred miles."

"And what, at that rate, will the through ticket one way cost?" I ask.

"It will cost you \$2,750,000,000," he answers.

"I pay for my ticket and board the train. We set off at a tremendous rate."

"How fast," I ask the brakeman, "are we going?"

"Sixty miles an hour, sir, and it's a through train. There are no stoppages."

"We'll soon be there, then, won't we?" I resume.

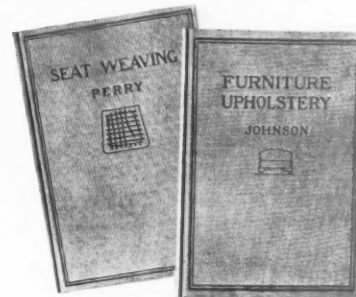
"We'll make a good time, sir," says the brakeman.

"And when will we arrive?"

"In just 48,663,000 years,"—San Francisco Star.

Pat and Mike were watching some bricklayers at work one day, and Pat asked: "Say, Mike, what is it that holds the bricks together?" "Sure," said Mike, "that's aisy. It's the mortar." "Never a bit of it," said Pat. "That kapes them apart."—*Young People's Paper.*

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